IN HEAT

issue 2

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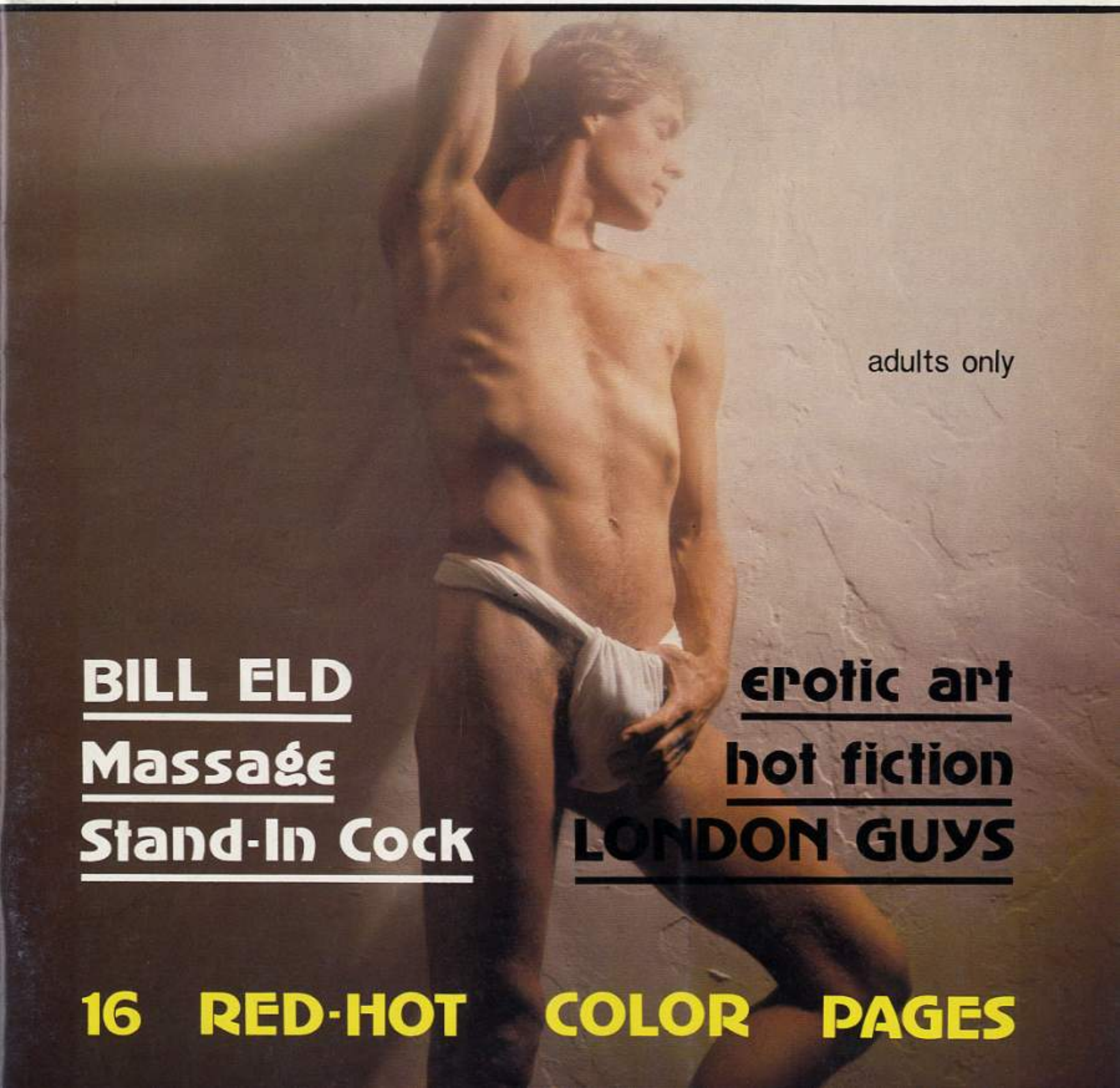

adults only

BILL ELD
Massage
Stand-In Cock

erotic art
hot fiction
LONDON GUYS

16 RED-HOT COLOR PAGES

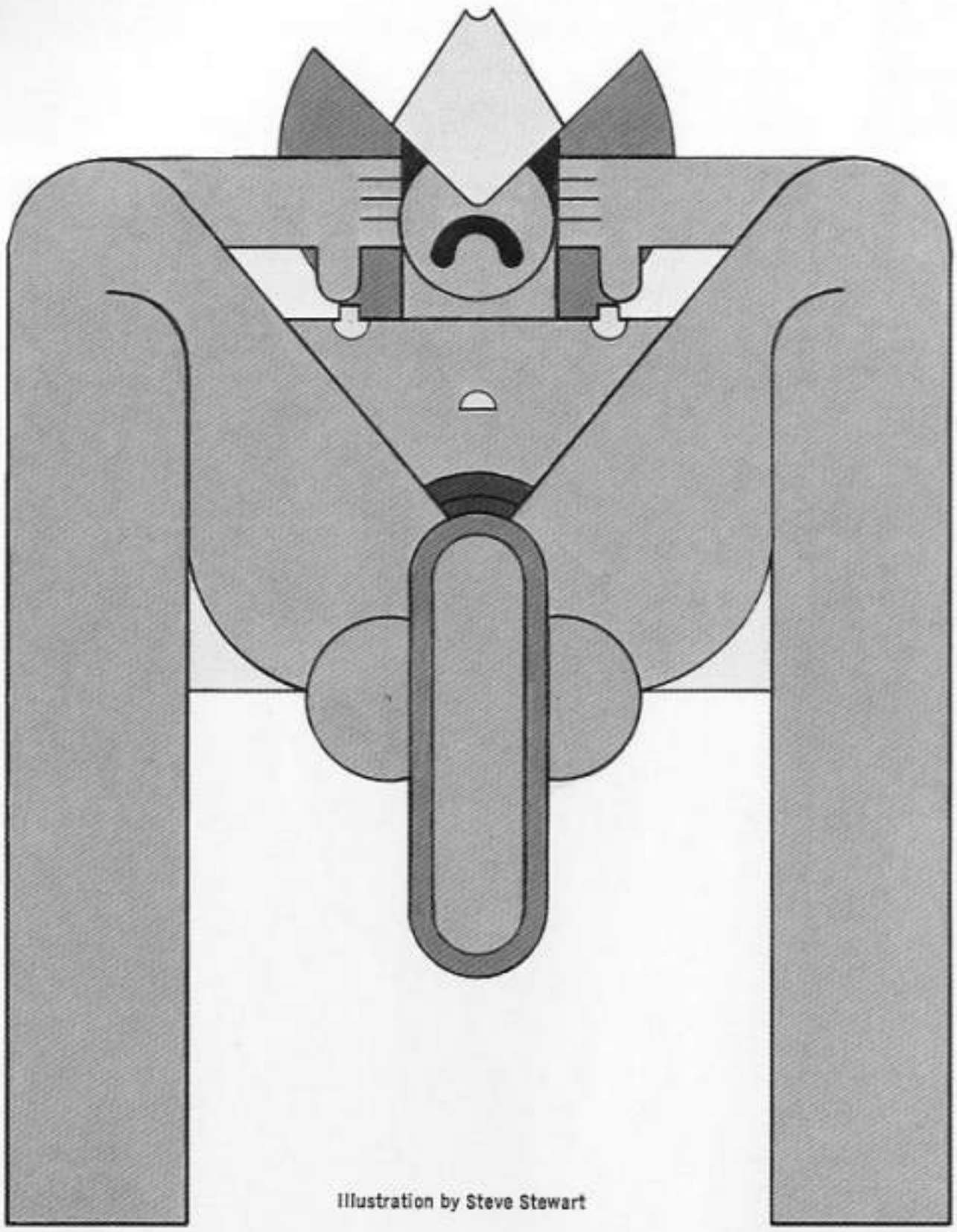

Illustration by Steve Stewart

editorial

Welcome to IN HEAT's second issue. What with winter just around the corner (well, almost), we'd like to be patriotic and think of this as our Energy Issue — providing, as a public service, ample fuel to stoke your mental boilers. (For starters, you'll notice that fully one-third of this issue is in blazing color.)

Hopefully, whatever it takes to turn you on to a good, warm glow has been provided in the following pages. Beginning with a pictorial feature on just about everyone's favorite subject—Jocks—we present a range of items guaranteed to turn up your thermostat and warm the cockles of your heart. If you're into personalities, you'll find interviews with sex superstar Bill Eld and bigger-than-life Rufus Michaels ("Stand-In Cock"). For the fantasy minded there are two hot fiction pieces — the continuation of a story begun in IN HEAT #1, "Workout", and and exercise in temperature-rising "Hot House."

You may not have thought of England as being a particularly warm country, but chances are you'll change your mind after you get a look at our photo album of "London Guys" — definitely *not* for cooler heads. But if you prefer to expend your energies closer to home, what could be better than a nice "Massage"? And art lovers can warm their little libidos over the erotic drawings of "Derek: the Artist and His Art."

In short, we provide the fuel, you supply the spark. We'd very much like to hear what you think of IN HEAT #2, and what you'd like to see in future issues. And. if you like us, be sure to tell your friends where to find us. After all, there's no reason for anyone to be left out in the cold.

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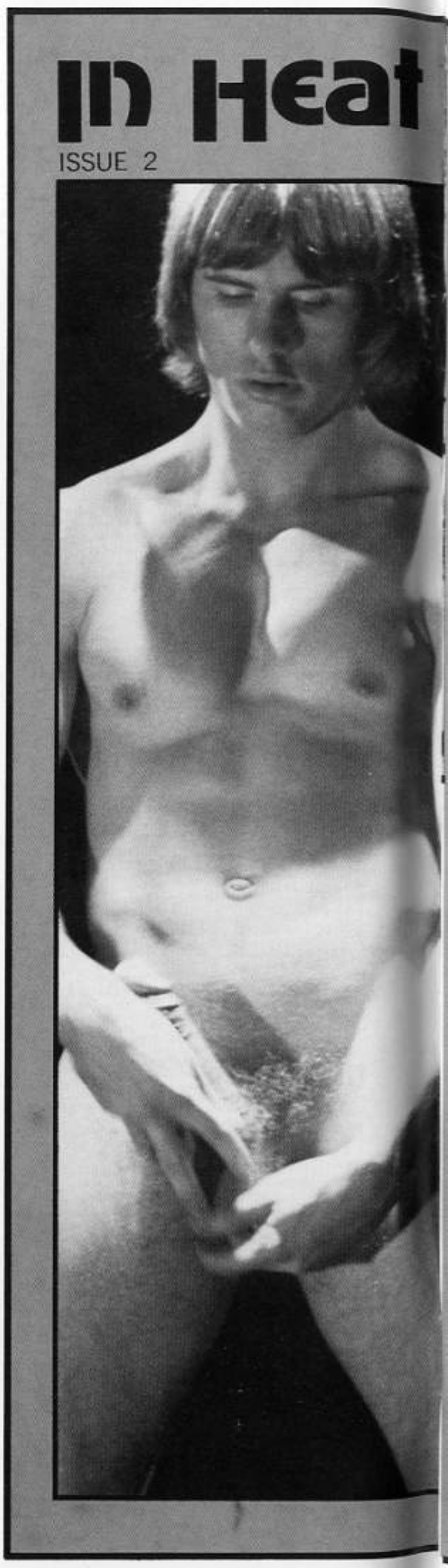

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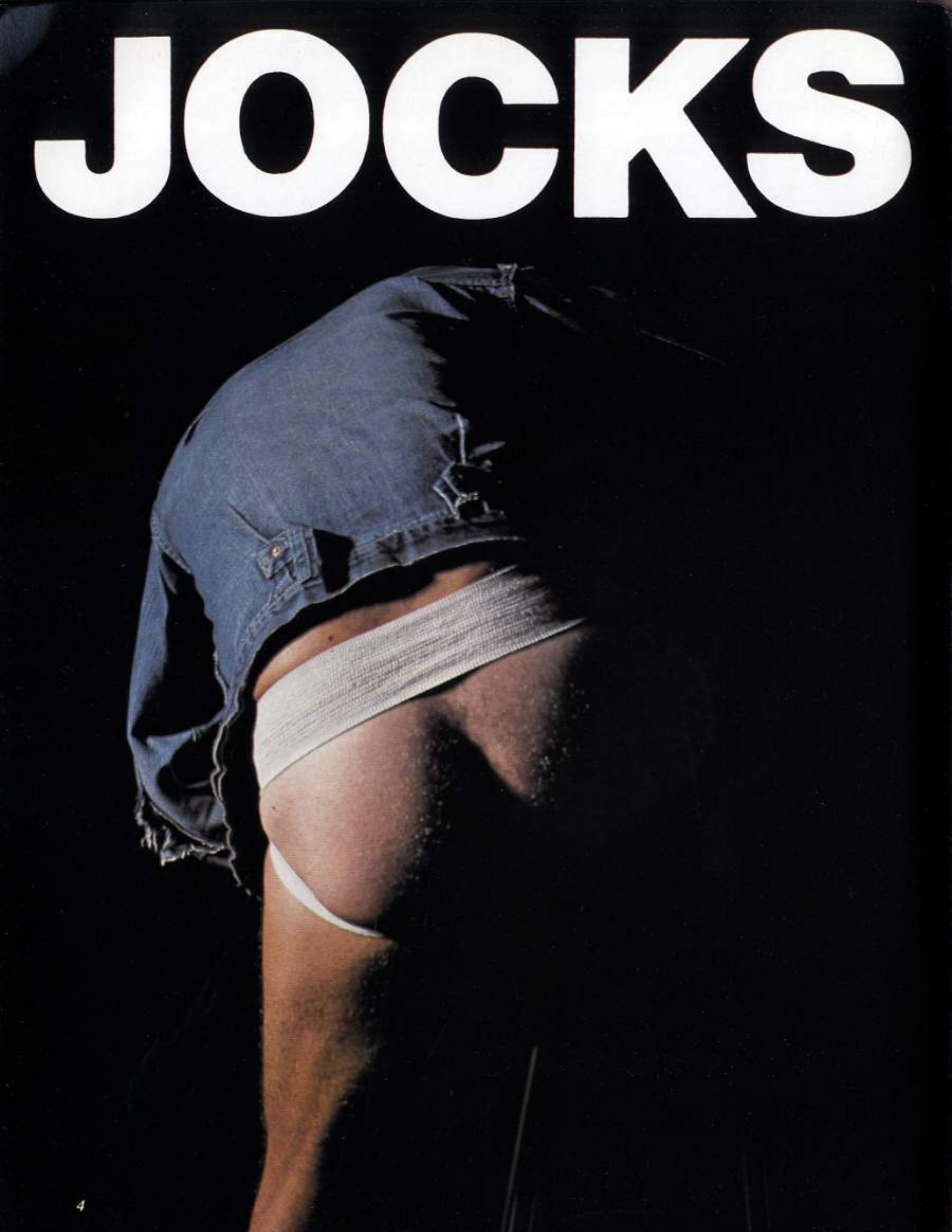
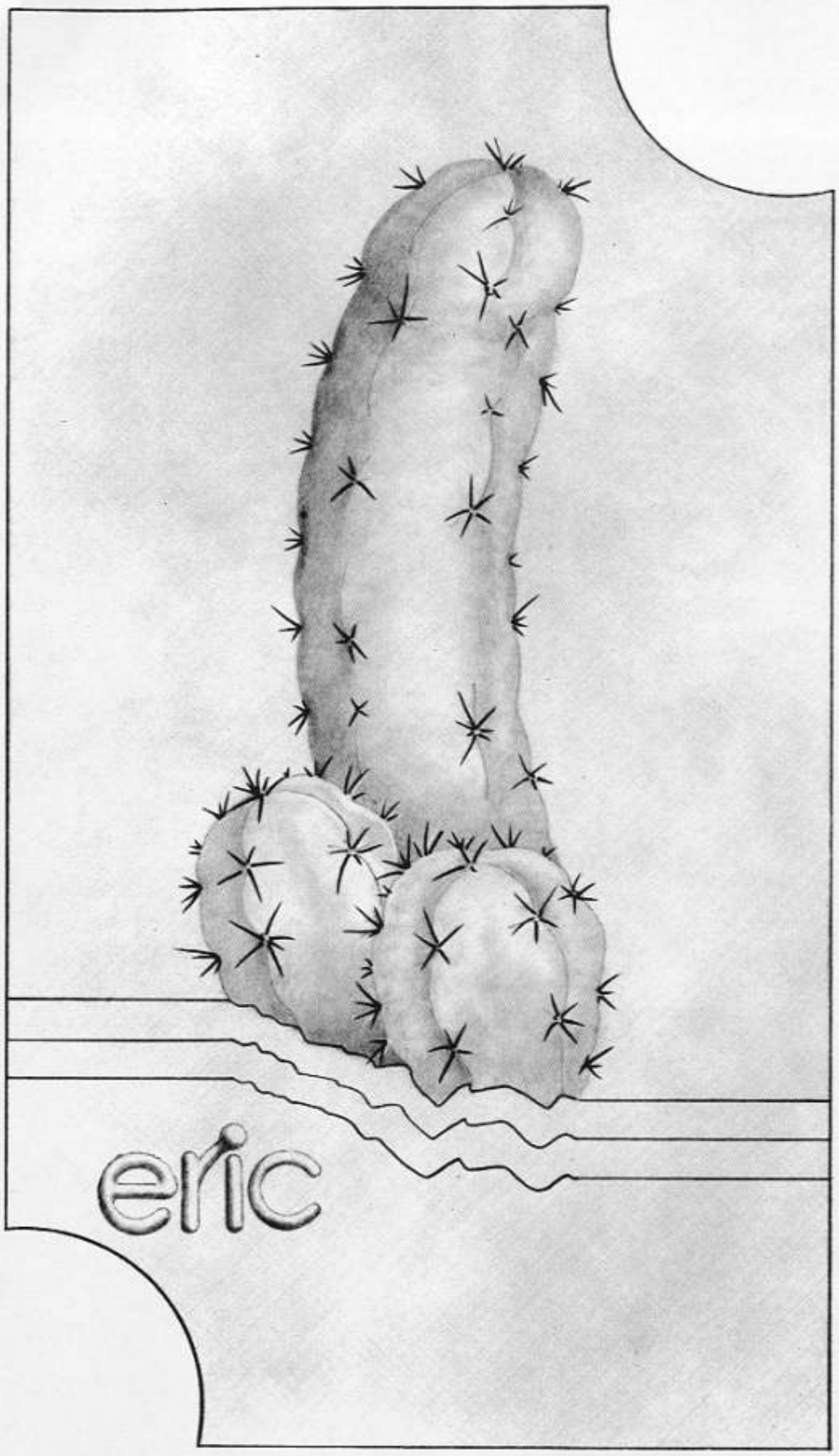
JOCKS





Hot House

by Dan Turner

After football practice I went to Fat Ellen's Cafe to get a couple of cheeseburgers. Fat Ellen's a real nice lady. She knows she's fat, so she doesn't mind being called Fat Ellen. She went right ahead and named her cafe for herself. That's Ellen's character—very honest. I'd like to be honest too, and wear my honesty the way Ellen does.

But I'm afraid of what people might say. You see, this is a small town and it's hard to keep secrets. You can never be sure who your friends are. Sometimes I think I know. Like Bill—he's been a friend of mine since the fifth grade, when we started shooting baskets together. And Tom and I have been buddies since Cub Scouts and Junior Legion Baseball.

But Sam. I thought I knew Sam, and now he's into his car day and night. He wants to get it ready, he says, for women. I guess that's a good thing, but I don't understand. Sam is pretty cool. He's always got some scheme going to make money so he can take girls out on dates. He won't talk to me the way he did. I mean, he says hello, but we don't wrestle anymore, and go cruising around town in his old man's pick-up. He's riding with girls now. I guess it's because he's older and thinks they're something else.

Sam was kind of like an older brother to me. Now he's aloof. I've been trying to model myself on his style. I'm bigger than he is, physically. I play a lot of sports, and Sam never did too much of that, but he has a way with words and women, that's for sure. I guess it's in his eyes. He has big soft brown eyes, and the girls go crazy for him. My hands are big, with thick fingers and large thumbs. Sam plays guitar and mandolin. I couldn't get my fingers between the strings. Sam looks nice in clothes—like a magazine model—very slick. My legs and ass are real big—good for football but not the dance floor.

Last week I confronted Sam about his style. I asked him how was it he knew how to be so cool. I said to him, "I guess you got it upstairs, huh?" And he said something funny. "Don't worry, dude. You've got something downstairs."

Now I know what he's talking about. You see, I have this oversized cock. It's what some guys call a horse's dick. I wear a jockstrap all the time so it won't look so big and embarass people, but it's hard to do. I wish I could be honest like Fat Ellen and let it all hang out, but I can't. First of all, my Dad would take me down in the cellar and beat the fuck out of me, and second it would always be getting in the way.

I'd have to walk around all day with my hands in my pockets to keep it down. And you see, I'm uncircumsized, and when I turn on, the skin rolls back fast, and I got this big head pressing against my pants. It feels good, but it looks like I might trip over it. My Dad doesn't like to see it, and tells me to wear two jockstraps if I have to, but then those damn things are uncomfortable and itchy as hell. Since I play sports, I always seem to be sweating and itching all the time, so I've got to scratch it. I know it doesn't look nice, but sometimes I do it unconsciously. I can't help it.

But the thing I was going to tell you about my cock is that when it's through being hard and starts deflating, the skin rolls back and always traps some pubic hair until it pulls and pinches. I have to reach in there and get it all untangled. Now you can imagine there are times when this is not polite to do, so I have to grin and bear it, pretend nothing's going on down there when it is. If a john is nearby I'll go there to make the adjustments, but often I'll just have to grab my pants when no one's looking and jostle it around a few times until I'm more comfortable.

My Dad says I'm a man, and that's the way it goes, but to try not to let people see, as it offends them. He says, guys don't mind because they know what I'm doing, but a girl is likely to feel uneasy.

I know Fat Ellen doesn't care. She's like one of the guys—always talking about sex just like a dude. She's been after me to show her my dick, and well, I did. She seemed to like it a lot and took it in her hands and rubbed it between her palms. God, that felt good. She rubbed it back and forth like she was in the Boy Scouts and trying to start a fire. I said, "Stop that, Ellen, unless I do something you don't want me to do." And she said, "How do you know I don't want you to do that?" And she was right, I didn't know, and I surely did want her to keep doing it. And that's when it happened.

She put her big mouth down on my thing and said it was a whopper, and she had never seen the likes of it before, since she was raped at the age of sixteen by a farmer in a cornfield and went back there, but could never find him again.

I liked it so much and told her so. She said I wouldn't find too many girls that liked to do what she did — maybe a few men, but no clean-cut high school girl would want something that big in her mouth. Ellen said she could do it because she had been forced to take big things ever since sixteen, but most girls never got raped and wouldn't know a finger from a fist. That's when she commented on my big hands, and said she liked a man with large hands and thick fingers. She said she liked to be massaged by them and have her flesh kneaded by them like bakers do with dough.

"And you see, I'm uncircumcized, and when I turn on, the skin rolls back fast ... It feels good, but it looks like I might trip over it."

I told her I'd sure like a good massage after football practice when I get so stiff, and she said she had to work at that time of day, but knew a man with big hands that would do it for me. Then she made me strip down to my jockstrap and lay across her king size water bed. She sat on me like a great big Mother Goose and polked and prodded and rubbed and slapped and chopped and worked over every part of me like a good mechanic does with a car.

I felt damn good and relaxed when she was done. I asked her if every girl knew how to do these things, and she said no, that most girls were too selfish to take such good care of their men, but that some men were real good at it because they knew what it felt like. She told me about this fellow at the plant shop that had big strong hands — good for massage —and how he used his fingers as well as his fists to get into all the right places and treat them good. Men had pressures in their fingertips that most women didn't have, and then they had those fists. She said she could always tell a man by the size of his fist, and said she was impressed with mine, and that it reminded her of a meat tenderizer. I said, "I guess a man's big hands would feel good," and so she introduced me to Scott — this guy that has a plant shop.

She pointed him out to me the next time I went into her cafe after football practice. He was sitting in a booth, and I was at the counter sitting on one of those red vinyl stools in my sweat pants. It was a hot day, and I was pretty sweaty and smelly, but Scott said come on and take a shower as he had been working on a garden and was pretty dirty, too. He said he'd learned to give massage in the Navy, and I liked the way he looked. He's taller than me with a red beard and pretty damn muscular. I wouldn't want to get in a fight with him.

He said he'd seen me before, playing ball, and once at the hardware store where I'm a stock boy for my Dad. Dad was chewing me out, as usual. I told him we get along, but that he bossed me around a lot, and was quick to bust my ass when he felt like it.

He showed me the plant shop, and then we went outside in the back where he watered the plants to shower, but the damn thing wouldn't work, so we stripped and passed a hose back and forth between us, as we lathered up with soap. While we were scrubbing, I noticed how hairy he was—orange-red hair all over his body and tan all over too—even his ass and balls. I knew he must have been lying somewhere in the nude to get tan all over like that. My ass was always white unless Dad had applied the paddle.

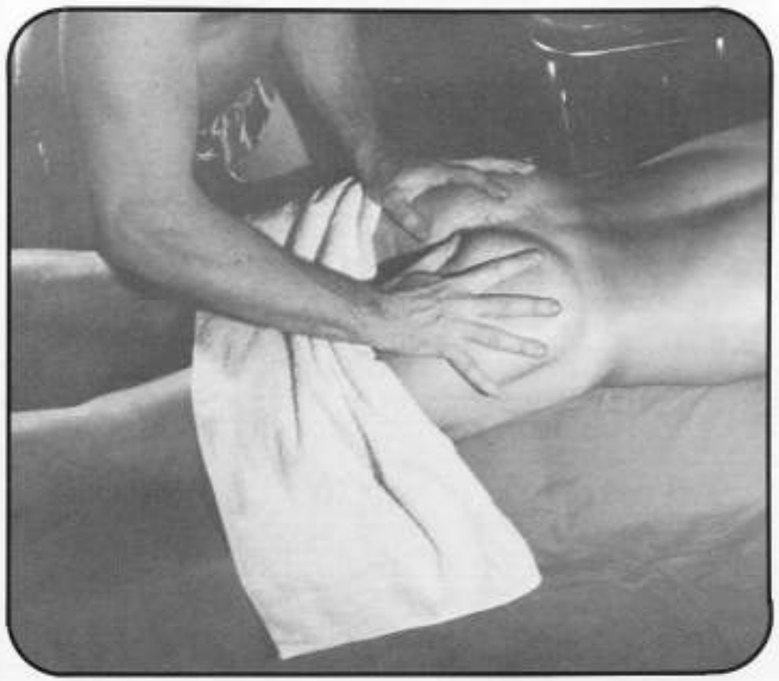
I asked Scott what he thought of Fat Ellen as he began to lather his cock and balls. He said she certainly was fat but a nice woman, and a good soul. I agreed and wondered if she had ever given him a blowjob like she'd given me. I guess I turned red because he said, "I know what's on your mind," as I began to lather my cock and balls. "You're wondering about Fat Ellen's mouth. Yeah, her mouth is fat too, and can take most anything big," and he smiled at me with his big white shiny teeth and grinned. I laughed and looked at him as he ran the soapy water up and down the shaft of his dick, making it shine. I felt something stir inside me, and wondered if this man noticed or cared.

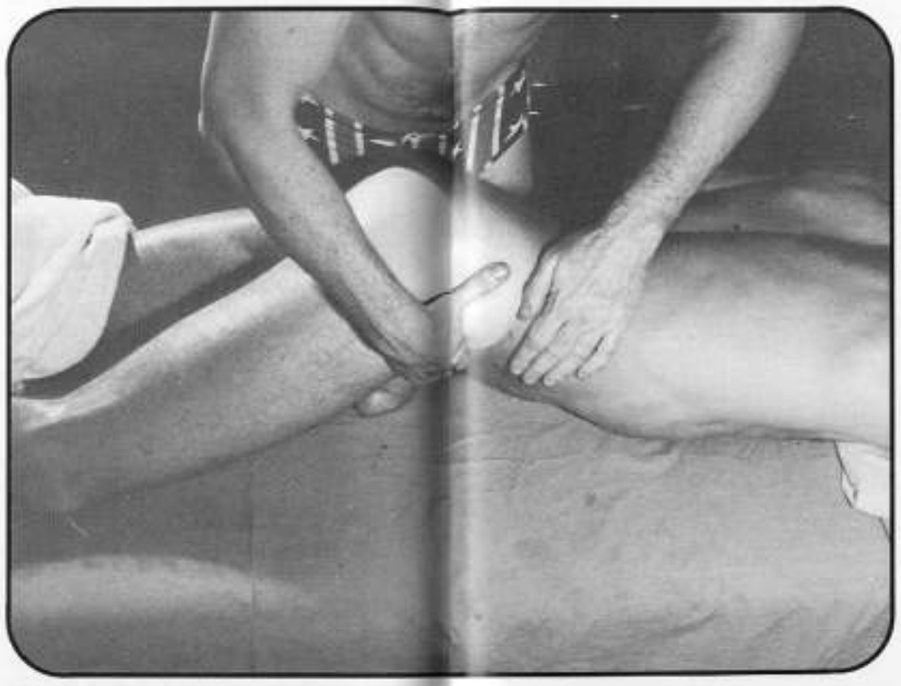
He was a comfortable guy and

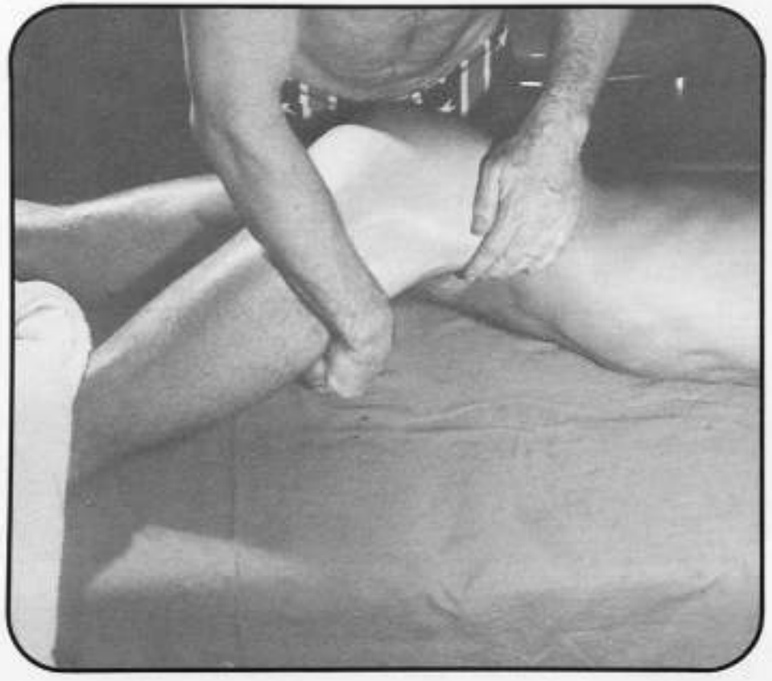
(continued on page 38)

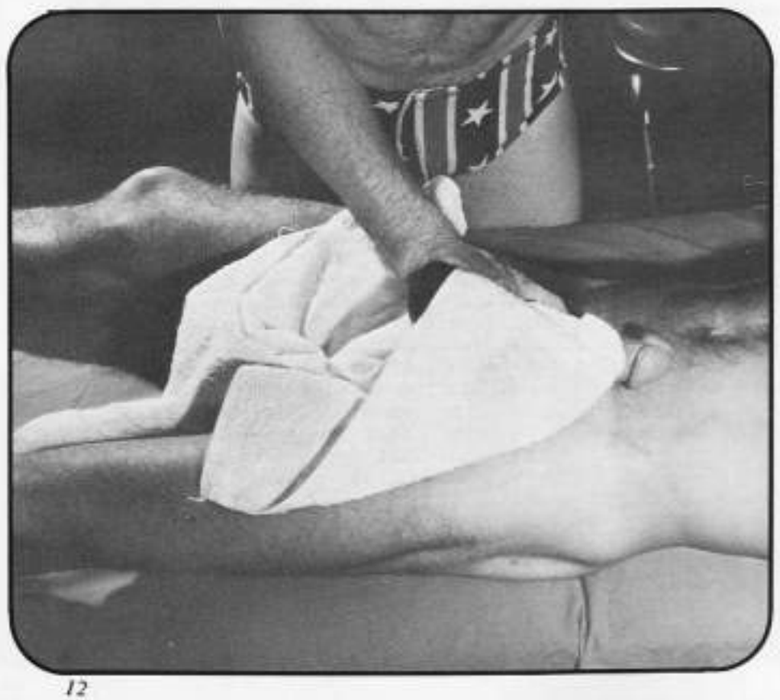
MASSAGE

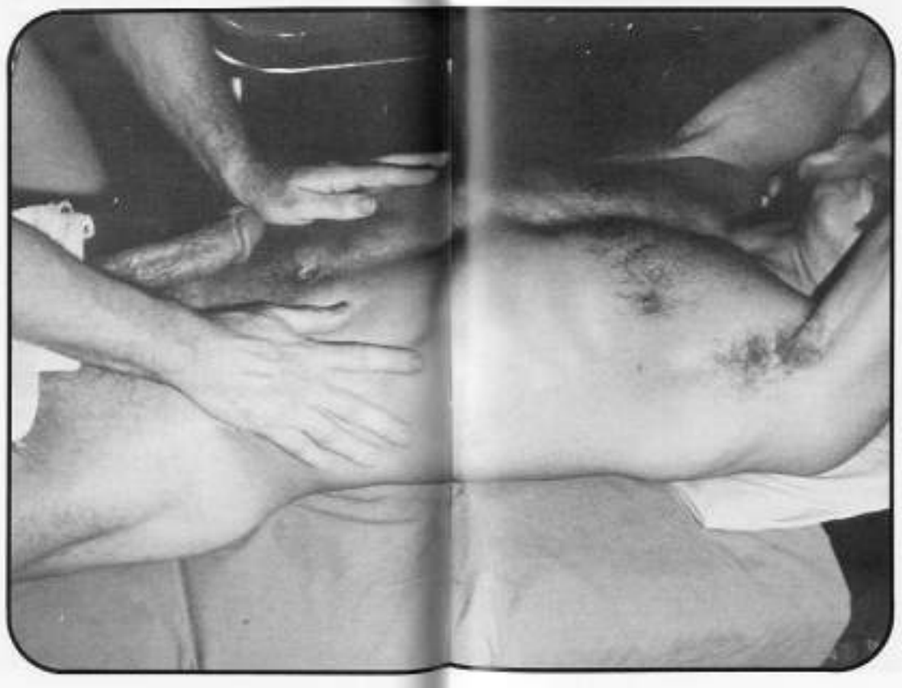
What could be better after a hard day at the office (or wherever) than a nice, relaxing manual workover by someone who knows what he's doing? Michael Christopher's camera proves that putting yourself in the right hands can bring out the best in any man.

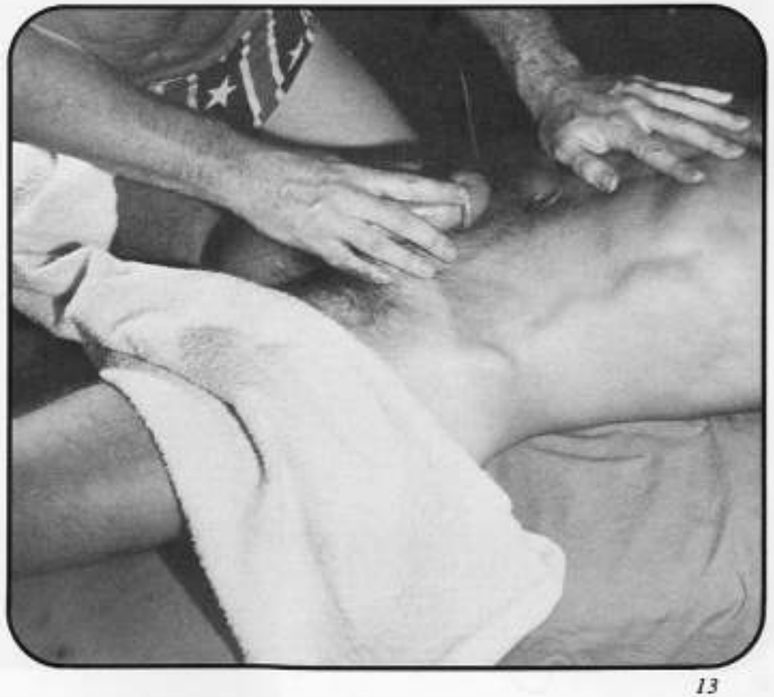


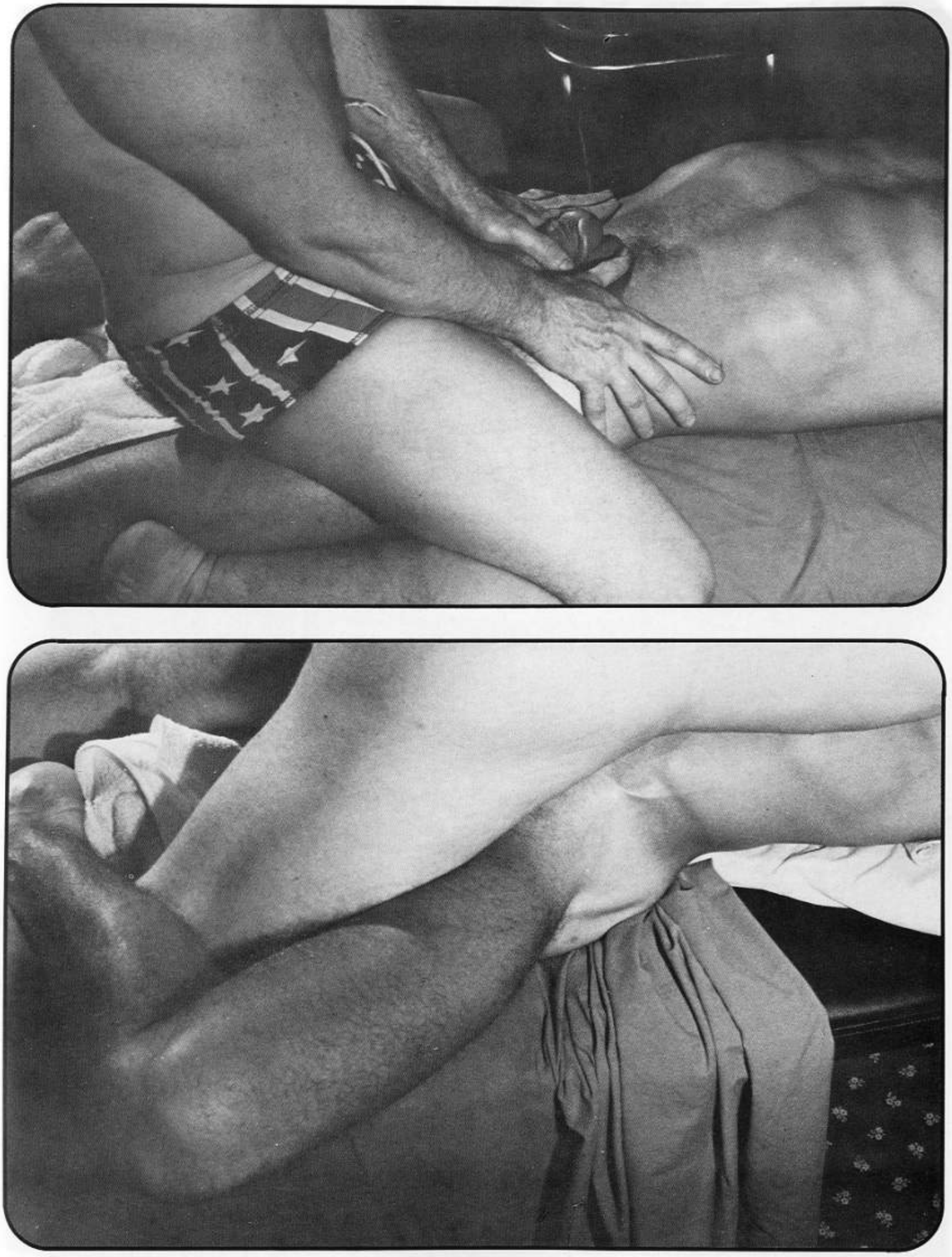












WORKOUT PART II

by John Jack Baylin

Fifteen minutes of warmup exercises loosened the joints and got the blood flowing. The sex fantasies which normally preoccupied him were momentarily put on "hold" as tensions began to subside, soon to dissolve away in an exhausting haze of sweaty fulfillment.

He followed through with five fast, perfectly executed sets of curls which instantly made his biceps bulge with renewed definition.

Pressing one-eighty for starters, Brad broke up his pacing and walked to the opposite corner of the weight room. A fine layer of

perspiration had begun to form on the shapely mounds of his breasts. A skintight glossiness shone luminously from every muscular curve, across all the rippling surface of his body. It appeared as if his skin had been artfully stretched onto his frame; his muscle tone was that good. Two voluptuously hard and tactile nipples punctuated the almost embarrassing perfection of his chest. A prominent tan line peeked out from under the frayed edges of his gym shorts.

Adjusting the weights to two-twenty, Brad accomplished several more sets of bench presses. His crotch moved up and down, up and down, choreographed involuntarily with each powerful push. He could feel a hypnotic tensing in his loins. His fingers brushed teasingly against cock and balls. Those beautiful breasts increased their bulk and definition under the repeated strain of added weights and reps. It had to hurt in order to make it happen.

Four sets of fifty situps tightened his stomach: a series of overlapping layers of hard muscle divided by a thick line of blond hairs which traced down the valley-like ridge reaching from the crease of his tits down to his navel; the hair fanned out on his belly to meet the bush of stiff darker hairs at his crotch.

Brad adjusted the weight of the Universal to eighty pounds and did consecutive sets of carefully wrought tricep exercises, making sure with each rep that the bar came no higher than his nipples and that he kept it tight into the front of his body, with elbows close into his sides. It worked; as the back of his upper arms began to swell.

As he pulled the lat bar down from above his head to across the top of his shoulders, every sinewy inch of the muscle groups in the broad expanse of his back stretched and flexed in a stunning visual symphony, an intricate interplay of hundreds of connecting joints, tendons and tissue. His form was now a perfect "V" — ample shoulders tapering to a resolutely slender waist.

Brad projected an enormous amount of dedicated enthusiasm toward the goal of further refining and toning his already superb physique. He had acquired those winning qualities, both the psyched-up determination and the flawless physical perfection as a result of his active participation in organized prep and now collegiate sports. In high school, where Brad effortlessly played the part of all around humpy hero, a rich-kid-punk turned jock, he had excelled in football and wrestling. Now firmly ensconced at a small but reputable southland college as a stud-about-campus—Brad was a superior athlete, both dexterous and well-liked, who was making great strides in inter-varsity rugby and was starting to maintain a skill in body surfing that was approaching the professional level. Brad was a competer.

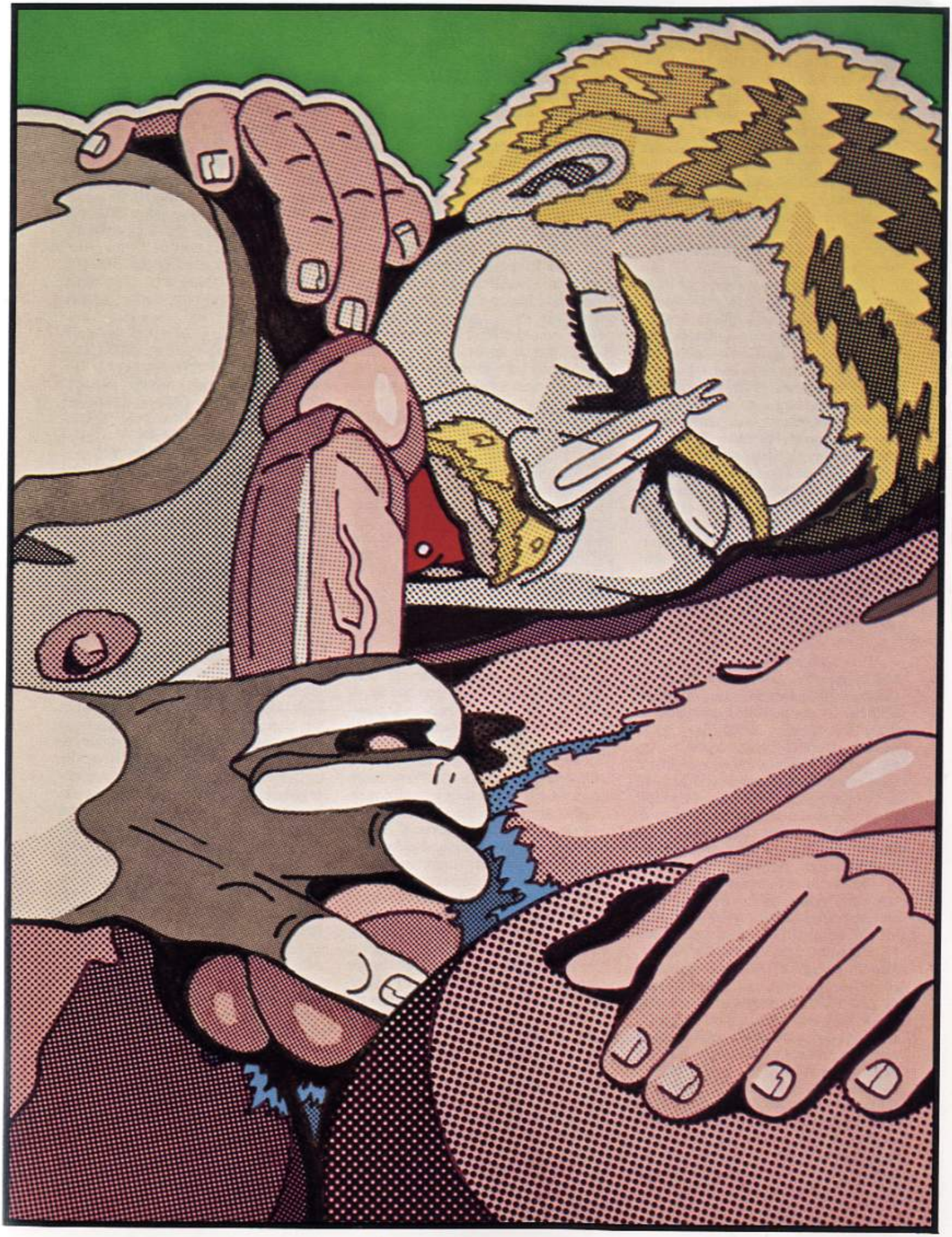
Standing 6'1" in his bare feet (which was nearly always) with a wonderous shock of well-kept blond hair parted in the middle and sweeping back to above-shoulder length, Brad presented the perfect contemporary picture of the-beach-boy-as-jock. His back and chest were defined in a way typical of the young surf gods who dwelt along the Southern California and Florida shorelines. *Beachy* to the core, his greatest fluency was "wave talk." Riding waves and getting fucked up were the first two priorities of a surfer. Then came chicks, highly admired yet often set aside. Beach boys were noted for appreciating each other's good looks; a surfer recognized his buddy as much by the shape of his tits as anything else. You could call it *body language.*

Brad was one of those who acted a lot through his cock. This was to say that at the center of his being, the igniting spark of his virility, originated in his dick, which was definately big enough, pliantly thick and well-shaped. Brad was well hung. Big balls—precious oversized

ovals hung at the root, nestled tightly in their protective hairy sac. His sensational "equipment" had always made Brad the envy of everybody.

Brad was proud of his cock. He was never embarrassed to look at it, or to touch it, or even show it off when he had the opportunity. Sometimes, alone, he would stand in front of a mirror and flex and pose and work on himself. He liked to do that. He got off on it totally, although in some way he knew it seemed wasted; there should have been someone present or some new element added to enhance and heighten such a unique spectacle. Brad wanted to pose. Not for porn mags, or art classes or even for the chicks (they didn't go for that). He really had no outlet for exhibitionist drives except in his own private world or in the gym.

Back inside the locker room after an hour and a half of working out, Brad went directly to his locker, shucked his Addidas and sweat socks and pulled the warm, damp jock down over his well-formed thighs. He paused for a moment as the jock reached his knee, and looked up. Another boy, his long



dark hair dripping wet, was rubbing himself with a towel at the end of the row of lockers. The boy happened to look up at the same time. He was a pretty well-put-together young dude. Probably on the water polo team. Bearded, very broad shoulders and a hairy chest. As he pulled the towel up to his head he revealed a pair of clinging dark blue Speedo trunks. Brad peeled off the rest of his jock and tossed it into the cubicle. He stood there full-on nude, but was not quite looking at the other guy.

Likewise, the swimmer jock was ignoring him as he pulled his Speedo down and off. There was no mistaking it however — Brad *was* looking now — the kid was getting a fucking hardon!

The swimmer turned around, towel in hand, as if to make toward the showers. Brad was amused by what he saw. He wasn't exactly *after* the guy; he just wanted to see what he was up to. Brad always felt very comfortable with his clothes off. Other guys had often looked at him around the gym and in the locker room. He figured it was some kind of inter-athletic kinship which brought on their stares. He started to wonder whether there was more to this than he had realized, Stripped and confident, he followed.

The swimmer stopped for a moment to take a piss at the urinal to to the left of the low tile retaining wall which divided the shower room from the dressing area. Brad went on into the shower and turned on the faucets at his usual place. There were six individual shower heads in each partioned section. The hot water felt bracing and refreshing as it splashed against his rugged chest and ran down his flat, hairy belly to his eager young prick.

The swimmer entered. He lifted one arm behind his head for a moment, revealing a dark growth of hair in his armpit. But as Brad turned to see what was up, or wasn't, the swimmer himself turned and faced the shower head at the opposite corner of the room-within-a-room. Something was malfunctioning over there and he couldn't quite get it together to make the water run the way he wanted it to. So he moved over to the next shower, but that was apparantly no good either. Brad was trying his best to ignore all this as he rubbed soap into his crotch hair, lathering it up and letting the tips of his fingers touch the base of his big juicy penis. Stimulated by the warm soapy water and the rubbing, his cock obediently began to stir and grow bigger.

Terry was a swimmer. Nineteen years old. An admitted, though not advertised, bisexual. He was in top condition, as competetive a bastard as anyone else in the athletic cliques of this "country club" university. He had first spotted Brad some weeks ago through his well-rehearsed paces in the weight room. Brad was really hot looking. Incredible body. Gorgeous tough/pretty face. He was *the* dyno fox on campus. And Terry wanted to make him, but it was a delicate process, everybody keeping up the straight front so fucking religiously. But guys will be guys in the locker room: just shuffling around, casual, horny and available. Now he had Mr. Muscleboy himself in the same shower room with him — naked, soapy, "ready" in fact, right in the palm of his hand. It was time to face the music.

"Try this one." Brad gestured turning on the faucets next to his. Terry turned around, shamelessly revealing a full erection. He grinned.

"Looks like I'm the horny bastard today." he spoke up.

"Hey, I'm easy man . . ." Brad interjected, "O.K. by me." And he looked down the front of his own body and saw that his prick was starting to rise and stiffen. Terry didn't waste a moment. He took Brad's cock in hand and started massaging it; working on it continuosly — aggressive yet gently — until it became outsized and steel-hard. Brad offered no resistence. He knew this was bound to happen sooner or later, and it felt good—so why bother to stop it? Terry knelt down in the streaming jets of water, finally, triumphantly poised at the temple of his utmost desires. Brad's exquisite cock was washed clean and full and hard in his hand, trembling to penetrate his lips, anxious to be devoured, eager to explode.

Brad felt his hands drop intuitively to the other boy's shoulders. Rhythmically his brawny forearms rocked back and forth as Terry's pretty face moved up and down along the thick shaft of his turgid penis. He even dared to touch the back of Terry's hair, an instinctive gesure of affection which confrmed to him almost immediately that this was the best sex he'd had in a long, long time. And with another guy! It totally blew him away.

"Hey man, hold it — I mean c'mon . . . ."

"What's wrong?" the swimmer almost whimpered. "Don't you dig it, man?"

"Hey sure . . ." Brad answered quickly,"but it's not too cool around here, don't you think?"

Terry took a playful lick at Brad's swollen cockhead, then got to his feet at once and confronted him, man to man. He was a little disappointed that no juice got shot but decided that this was typical with straight guys — something always seems to pull them away even in the middle of ecstacy.

"Hey, you wanna come with me after?"

"Where to?"

". . . a friend of mine I'd like you to meet. A photographer. Maybe we could talk you into some posing. Can you go for it?"

"Posing!" The word rang in Brad's ears like the crescendo chorus of a rock opera at full volume. The very sound of that word made his stomach muscles tighten and his heartbeat thump furiously. He could *go for it* alright! He could go for it all the way.

About an hour later they reached Terry's friend's studio, a large attractive loft located on an alleyway adjacent to the beach. Finishing up their shower as buddies, their mutual attraction now formulating, had been a delightful experience. Brad's cock started up again as he towelled himself briskly, and Terry treated the both of them to a few more free sucks. Brad pictured himself abruptly thrust into a thrilling new world which reeked with the promised glamour of previously unknown and forbidden pleasures. He liked what he saw. He suddenly began to understand the true hidden meaning of manly passions; he boggled at the possible limits that could be overtaken. He couldn't determine exactly what had taken hold of him but he accepted it freely because, in effect, he had never before felt so loose, so potentially uninhibited. Terry was mildly overwhelmed by the consistency of Brad's responses. He had never encountered one who had come out so openly, so easily.

"You guys up for a Coors?" Mark, Terry's photographer buddy, was as immediately disarming as he was affecting. Brad felt right at home, fully at ease with himself and the others, and most anxious to perform for them. Terry was *stoked* and he didn't bother to conceal it; he excitedly rolled joints and guzzled his beer. Later he would probably strip down and partake in the very fantasy he had instigated. Mark explained that the photographic element of the posing session was merely incidental, a proven effective method to stimulate erotic sensations in the model; a means to let

the poser express himself through his body and his physical gestures.

"Sure" Brad replied, eager for action. "I can dig it. Do you want to start right away?"

"Why not! Just strip down and leave your clothes by that chair. Let's get a good look at you first."

Brad undressed quickly but indulgently. His audience devoured his every move, drinking in every incredible inch of his remarkable physique. They established a rapport with him that was immediately intimate and supportive. He knew that he had this sort of attention for many years. Plus he could admit to himself that Terry did turn him on: his grin, his looks, his impressive masculine aura were all the more embellished by his youthful candor. Brad yearned for Terry's head nestled in his crotch. He hungered for the hot wetness of Terry's pretty mouth wrapped around his love tool.

He shifted from foot to foot and stretched his muscles languidly. He paced back and forth, sipping on his Coors. He was already in his element, knowing exactly what to do, giving them everything they wanted. He lifted his arms behind his head and cocked his hips, mimicking the Greek manner. He lifted the creases of the sac which held his big, tender balls and adjusted his cock in that offhand way boys do when they've just peeled off their briefs and it all hangs out.

"Now let's see a hardon," Mark suggested.

"Might need a little help . . . ."

Brad sat down on a simple wooden chair under an intense beam of track light and started to massage his beautiful penis in well-practiced strokes. He looked up at the others and grinned boyishly. It was a tantalizing feeling for him and an awesome sight for his companions.

"It'd feel really good if you'd jack me off," Brad suggested. "I'd like to feel someone else's hand on my prick for a change."

Terry drew closer with a lit joint to offer and replaced Brad's industrious fingers with his own. He clenched the rock-hard pole tightly in his fist and began to pump it up and down, cupping the large oval-shaped balls lovingly in his other hand. Brad locked his hands together behind the chair, arched his back and thrust his middle section higher so that his cock, now burgeoning into full stiffness, moved majestically upward, standing at complete attention. It towered a full eleven inches, running straight and bone-hard parallel to the front of his taut, athletic body. Fully entranced with this oversized erect penis miraculously in his grasp, Terry almost ignored Mark's tapping him lightly on the shoulder advising a subtle retreat. Brad's head moved slightly forward and then down as his fingers pressed in at the base of his boner to pull the skin back further, increasing its tension and tightness and allowing more blood to surge into it. The cockhead looked as if it could erupt in a second. Brad felt he could shoot one giant load right then and there. Mark snapped the first picture.

The session continued in this vein well into the night. No pose, no position proved too demanding or too contrived for Brad, whose energies seemed to increase as time wore

on. He was either down on the floor arms outstretched, cock waving back and forth, knees bent, or standing proud and tall before the mirror confronting his glorious aroused nudity with an irresistable egotism. Mark shot in sequence. But the camera, a secondary witness to the event, caused no interruption. Instead, it seemed to inspire more of a performance, generating an all-consuming mood of sensuality which effectively erased all inhibitions.

Terry had stripped down and was now under the spotlight. He thrust himself on top of Brad with a movement almost calculated in its violence, and instinctively the two athletes began their naked tussle, their pornographic brawl. It was partly real and partly acted out. Fact and fantasy combined, enabling these two marvellously toned, sweating bodies to generate an energy of unbelievabley high voltage, almost too hot to handle for a mere observer, but a scene which the camera, passive yet missing nothing, could record sumptuously. Terry fell back on his haunches, his prick now stiff and trembling, his enormous muscles heaving and flexing. Terry in his way was as gorgeous as Brad.

The two came together in a brilliant and erotic display of wrestling holds — two jocks, having lost all sense of restraint and shucked all personal hangups and social inhibitions, let loose with a torrent of no-hold-barred physicality.

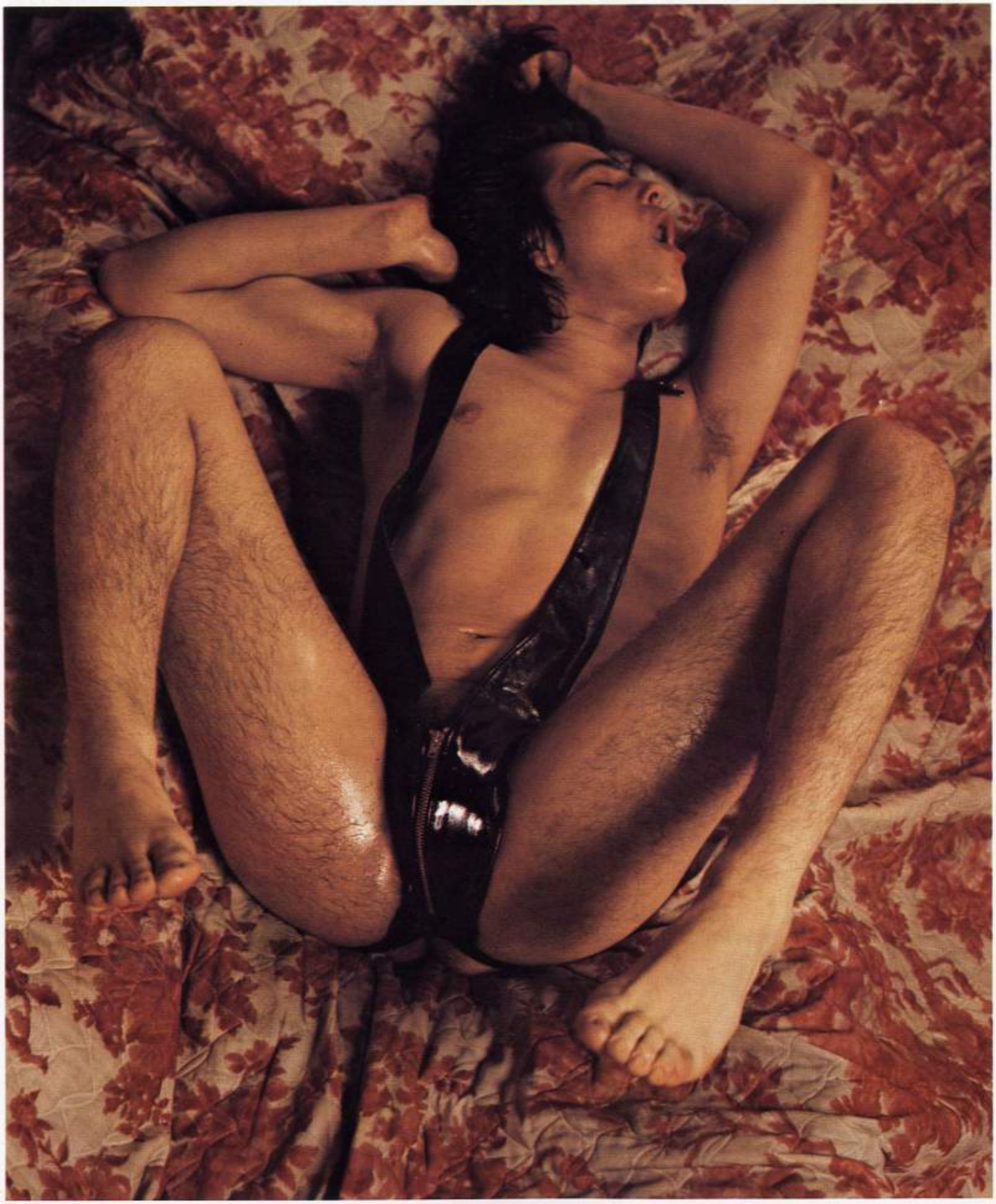
Brad pinned Terry and then straddled his chest, as a lover, brandishing his massive pole of a cock full on the other boy's face. He began to pump his meat wildly, pushing the head into Terry's face and then pulling it away, palming it, squeezing it, and jerking it off in all directions. Terry was delirious with pleasure. His ultimate match with Brad had degenerated into a true *workout* — as physically demanding and exertive as it was hotly sexual.

Arching streams of hot white ball juice began to splatter onto the swimmer's face, splashing on his beard and over his lips. Brad pushed his exploding weapon into the mouth of his buddy and shot a good load against the back of his throat, and then withdrew it again and sprayed more of his precious love fluid up into the air. Each jerk, each orgasmic spasm wracked his entire body. All rational responses had long ago been shelved by the surfer. The storeroom of all his most urgent sexual energies had been tapped. He appeared to have no stopping point.

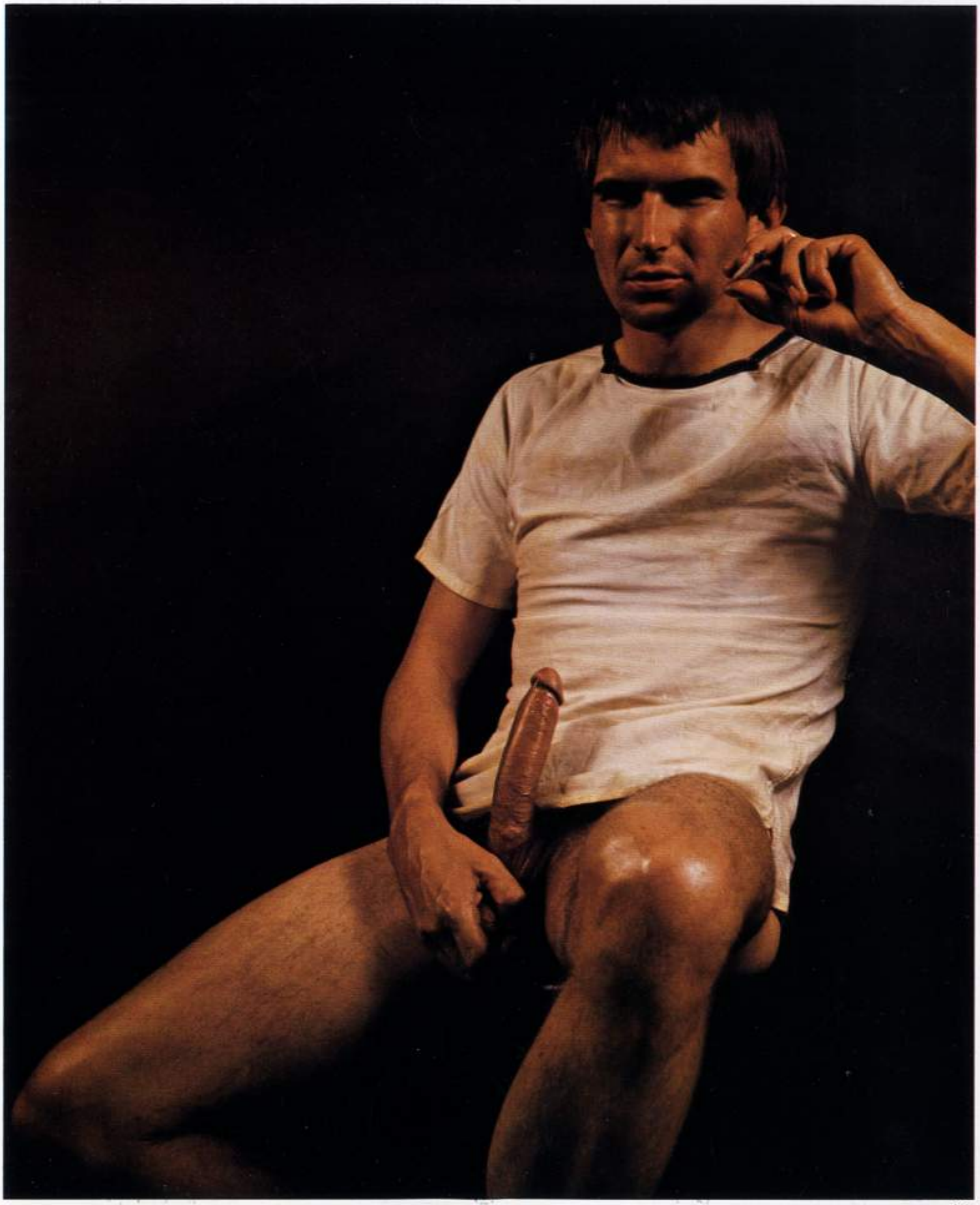
Now, in rejection of the endless posturing and the unburdened self-expression, his world had suddenly inverted, and on the opposite side everything appeared much clearer, more simple, exquisitely *natural*. He had never thought of kissing—even touching—another guy before. But his desire to express himself in the most direct way possible made him ignore everything save the needs most central to his total fulfillment. Still astride his swimmer buddy he placed both his big hands on the sides of Terry's cum-stained cheeks and firmly pressed his lips onto the exhausted athlete's mouth.

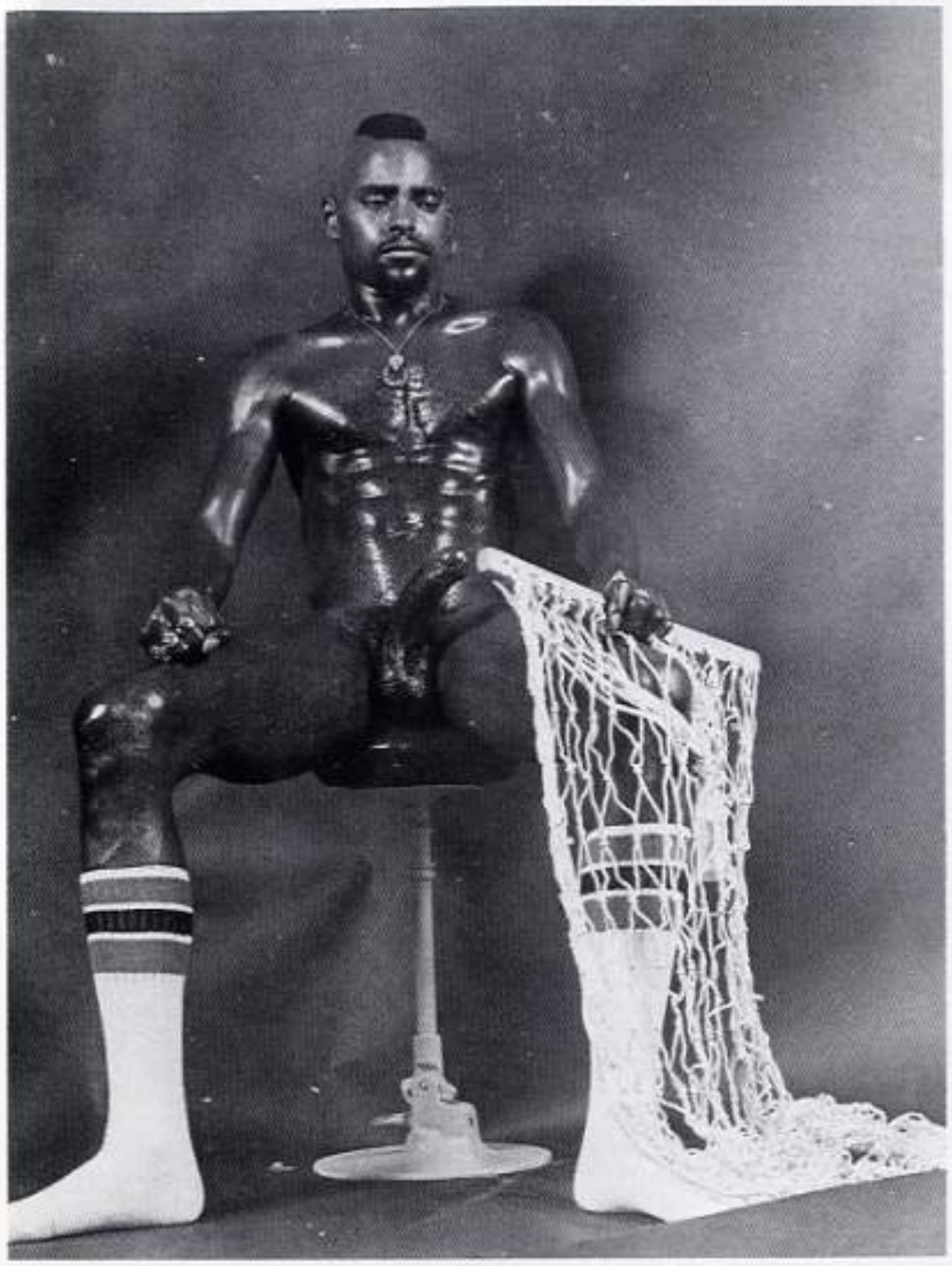
Their cocks still fully erect, were ramrodded against each other, throbbing together like two bonded pistons. Their mouths and faces were sealed, their psyches hidden behind a mask of sensual and aesthetic committment. Terry arched his back, thrust his hips forward and let loose with a torrent of sperm which shot up between them like a gusher. Locked in this passionate embrace, their hot male seed fused the two of them together for all time. Freeze fame.

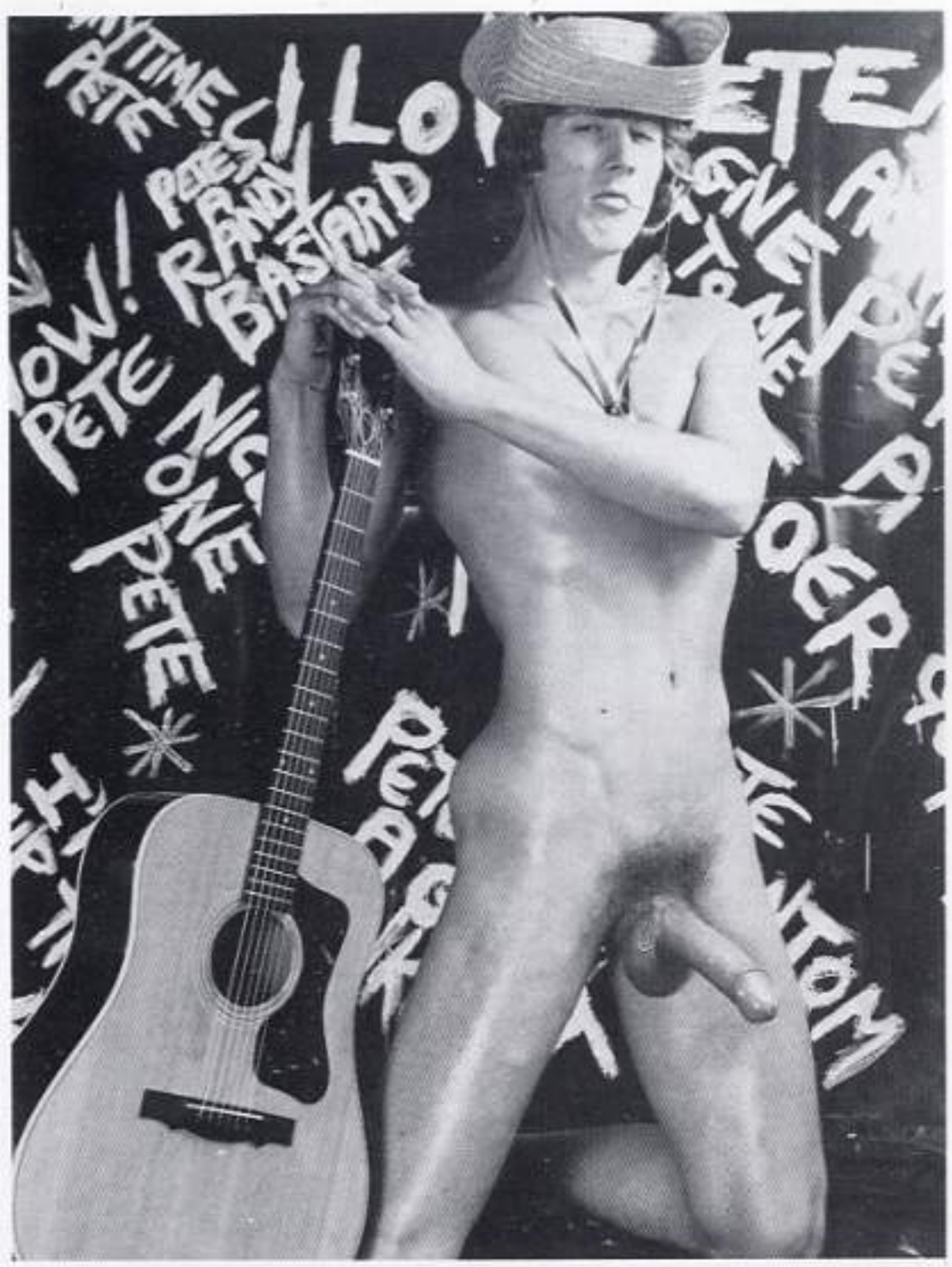
LONDON GUYS GUYS GUYS

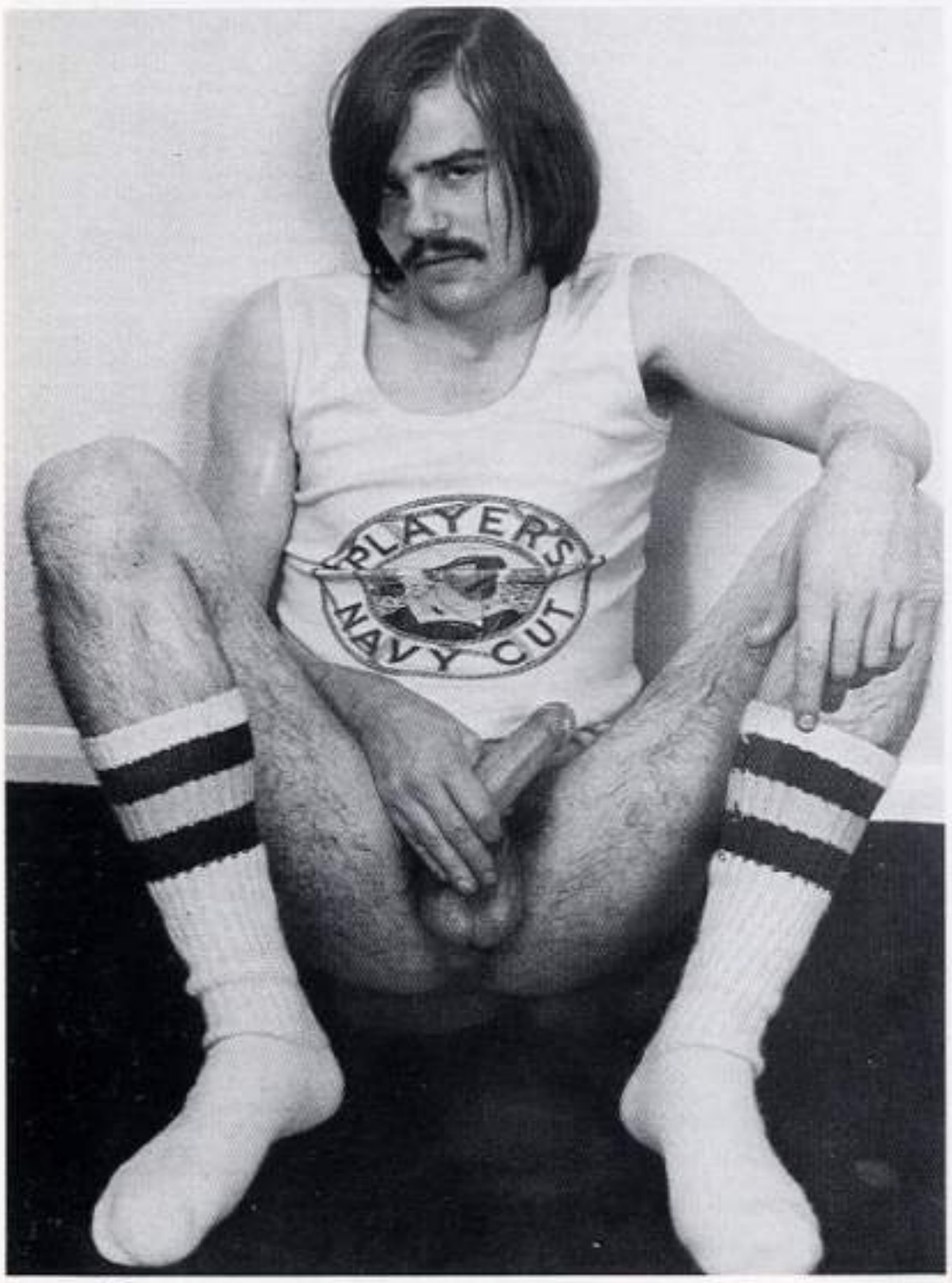


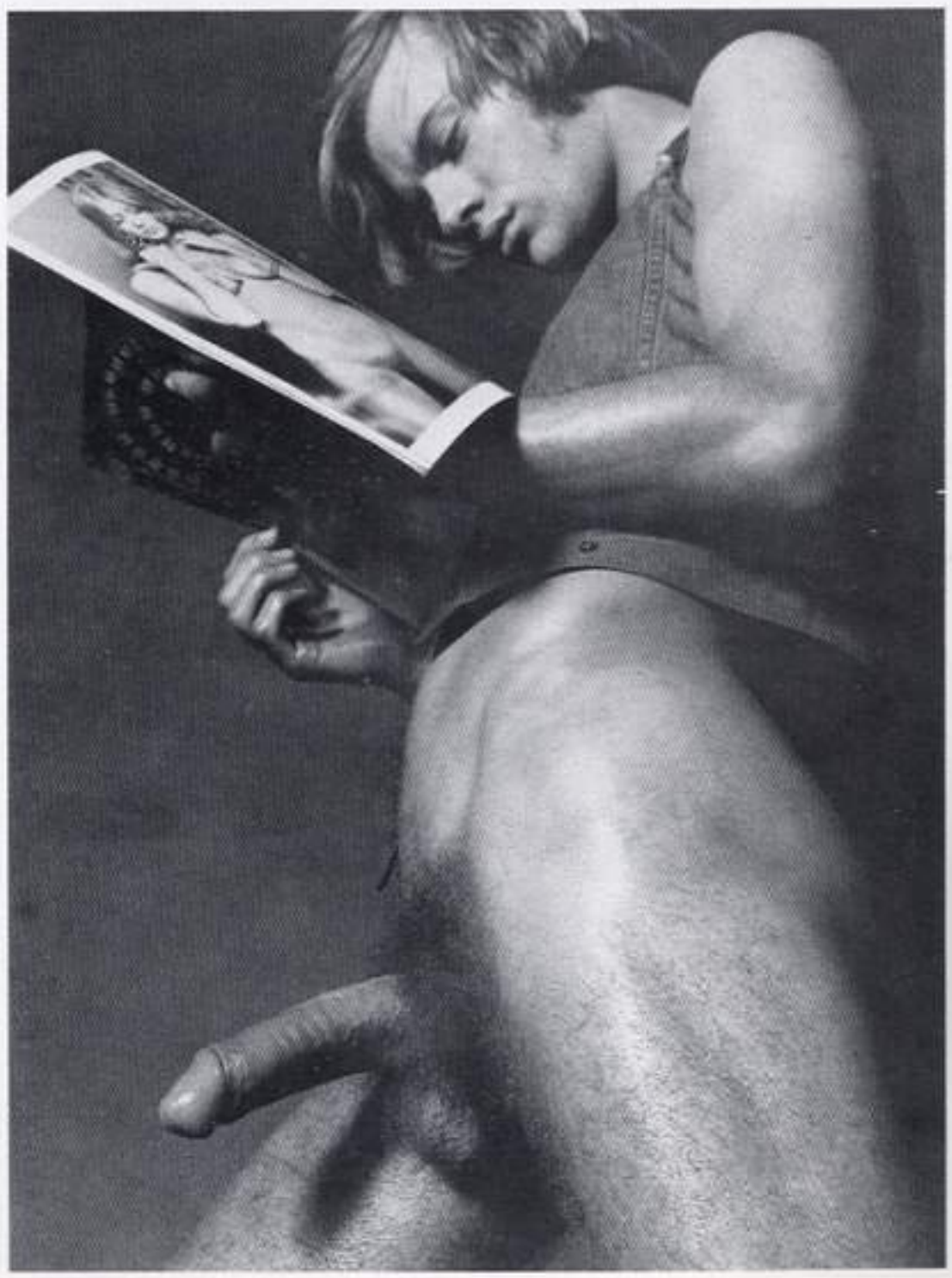
If you think the British are all 'brollies, bowlers, and Buckingham Palace, think again. Our tireless London photographer modestly submits some shots from his personal file of some of the other sights Merrie Olde England has to offer the discerning tourist.

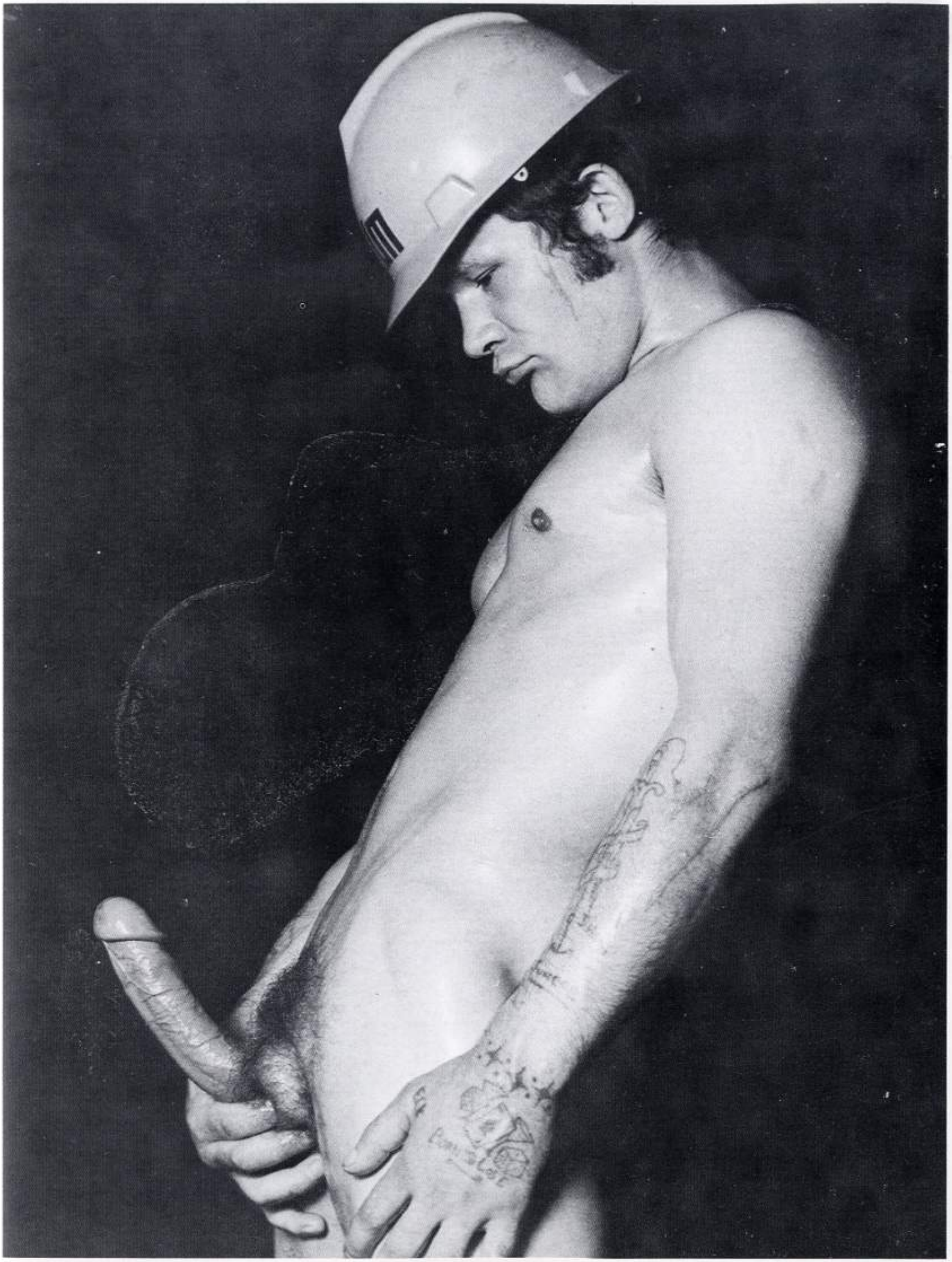





PETE
POW! PETE
PETE


PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT





FLICKS

Wakefield Poole, of course, started it all with *Boys in the Sand* and *Bijou*. He's been away from the gay porn wasteland too long, but he's back big with **Take One,** a "docufantasy" which deals not only with the realities of the actors, but with their fantasies as well. Poole (who appears at the beginning and end of he film) videotaped over 20 hours of interviews with his "performers," and what we see on the screen are those videotaped interviews with 8 men who are finally brought together to see their film at San Francisco's Nob Hill Theater.

An intricate tapestry of reality and fantasy, created as only Poole could create, is the result. Of particular note are the appearances of former IN TOUCH models Sal Guange (Issue #24) as the dancer, and Jaime De La Costa (Issue #26) as the projectionist given head in the final frames.

It's too bad there aren't more Wakefield Pooles out there. And that's never more evident than in **Gemini,** starring the one and only Jack Wrangler. Though director Steve Scott carries off one endless sex scene after another all right, he's saddled with a hopelessly muddled storyline I'm not even going to try to explain. Scott was much more in control of his earlier (and superior) *Track Meat,* but hard-core Wrangler fans will get their money's worth. Wrangler certainly has a screen presence few porn stars have—as *Kansas City Trucking Co.* proved—but he

Tony Franco and Dutch Valentino in a scene from **Take One.**

Photo courtesy of Target Studios

From the 8mm film, **Sunstruck**

Alex Stewart, Richard Locke in **Take One.**

needs a good script: and therein lies the problem with most gay porn.

8mm

Hand in Hand Films (240 W. 73rd St., New York 10023), one of the leading factories of gay porn for theatres, also sells sections from them for the home market. They're currently offering "Big Bill Eld Young" in his solo j.o. scene from *Narcissus* (a must for lovers of beautiful bods, cocks, and j.o. scenes) and "The Black Orgy" with 8 hot black studs together in a men's room —a most unusual offering. Both reflect Hand in Hand's usual quality filmmaking.

Trademark (20007 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 907, Los Angeles 90057) specializes in young, straight-looking hunks. They have an all-time seller in "Kip Noll," who sure fills the bill as a high-schooler with a man-sized tool in a solo j.o. scene which wins an "A" for effort. Another Trademark winner is "Buster and Bill"—two hunky young studs getting it on on the living room couch. The company also offers an unusual interracial pic, "Opposites Attract," with a hung black dude and a blond surfer who knows a few positions we hadn't even heard of!

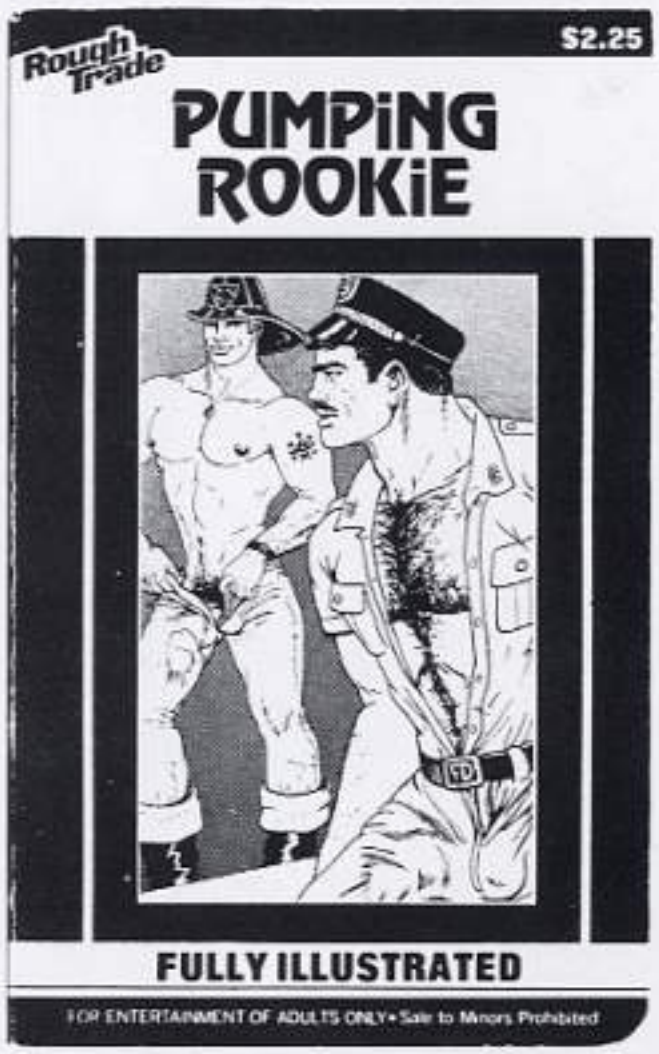
Target Studios (P.O. Box 692, Canal St. Station, New York 10013) knows how to pick 'em for manliness, and proves it with "Sunstruck," with muscled Bruno and Will Seagers (no slouch in the bod dept. himself) getting it off in and out of a pool. Beautiful, romantic filmwork, but leaves one hungering for more juicy closeups. As it stands, it's almost softcore. Target also offers "Dune Fox," with foxy Barry—a tattooed, blond hunk with a great uncut—who happens upon a cowboy sunbather on Fire Island's dunes. There's also "On The Farm," starring Nick, who does a solo number in two intercut scenes—in a bedroom and in a barn. He's hot and hung. And in "All in a Day's Workout," two studs really go through the gamut of acrobatic positions during a particularly hot session.

Man's Image (Box 700 Canal St. Station, New York 10013) spends too much time getting to the action, but builds a story, even in 8mm. In "Matt Harper" they have the perfect j.o. pic, following gymnast-bodied Matt from a run on the beach home to the mirror and shower and . . . In "Boilerman's Tool," there's too much footage getting down to action between two hunky studs in (surprise!) the boiler room. A hot one, complete with beer as a natural prop.

—John Roberts

BOOKS

Jack Minor's *PUMPING ROOKIE*, Rough Trade Series, $2.25 (Crown Productions, P.O. Box 506, Canal St. Station, New York 10013), traces Curt Hansen's superheated fresh-off-the-farm adventures as he comes to New York seeking to become a fireman and to explore the gay life. He finds both goals in Engine House 69, where the cocks are spurting like firehoses. With a few excursions into burning houses, gay bars, the subway and Central Park, varied with flashbacks to Curt's Iowa boyhood for a change of pace, this one keeps it pumping. The nine raunchy drawings fit the narrative like a wet cowhide cockring . . .



"The policeman's strong hands came down and pulled Curt roughly up to him, darting his own hot tongue into Curt's mouth and searching for the tongue which had just been working such incredible magic on his cock and balls. . . . Curt sensed that the handsome guy had never had a cock in his hand beside his own before, but the cop shocked him by falling to his knees and taking Curt's mammoth erection into his throat on the first taste. . . ."

TOO HOT 2

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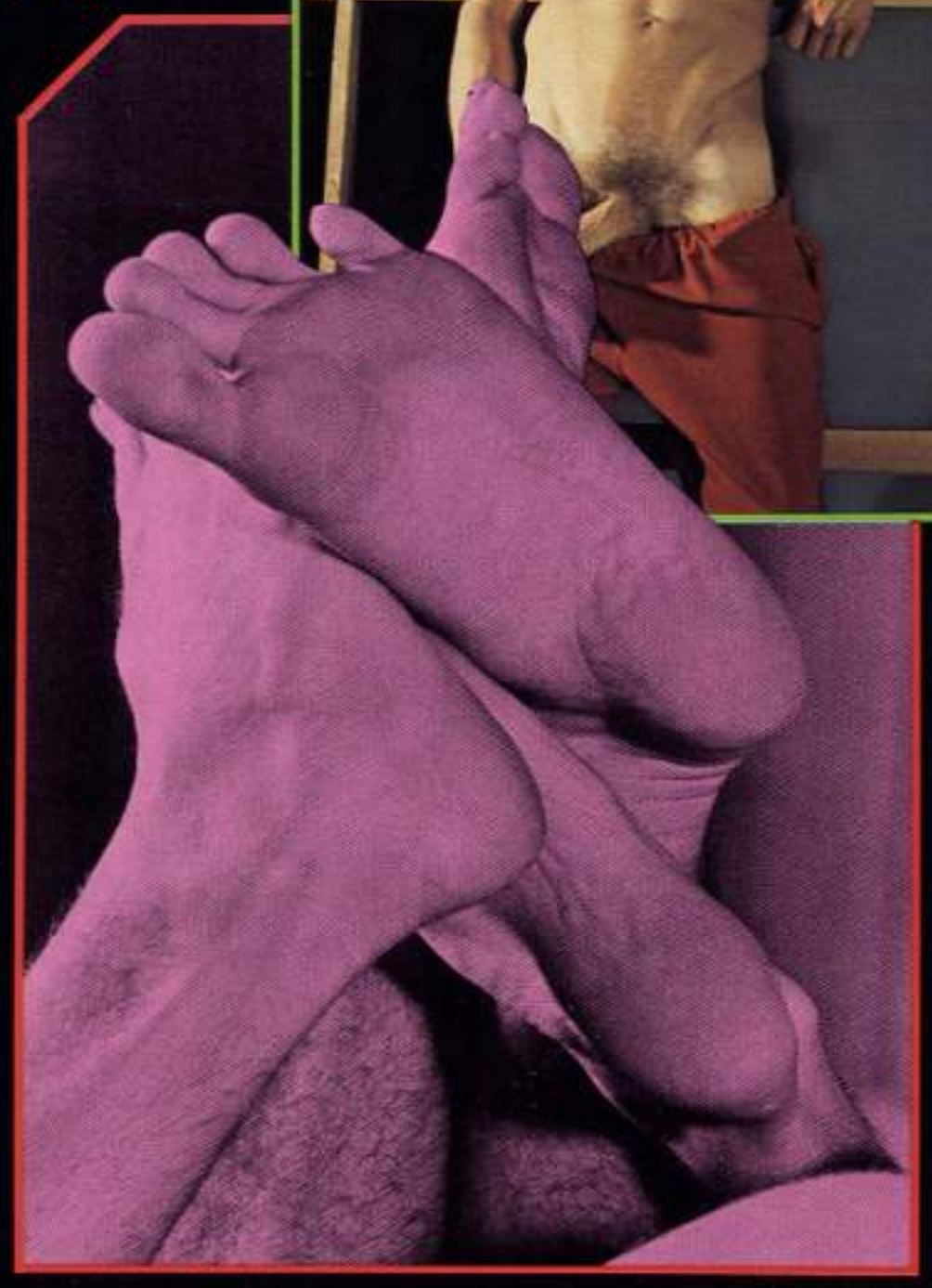

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Harvey Franklin's *COCKSURE COUNTRY BOY*, $2.25 (Backdoor Library, Star Distributors, P.O. Box 362, New York 10013) is a lusty and well-told tale despite a rather nelly cover sketch. Takes young Cameron from his first boyhood sex in a small midwest town through a weird gangrape by a bunch of Mansonite cyclists (not a well-written scene) to hustling the streets of San Francisco, looking for love and getting plenty of fast sex until. . . .Steady sexy beat with well-drawn characters but too many loose ends in the narration and in proofreading. Still, the writing keeps close to what most readers want:

"Stark naked the big Texan turned to face his passenger, whose eyes were riveted on a long swollen penis. Pale blue veins along the fat creamy column, healthy rose glans that turned suddenly downward, making the entire instrument crooked . . . John reached up, clutching the boy about the hips. Cam groaned, making no effort to hold back the sound. He began thrusting with his hips.

And Cam's desire for the ultimate romance doesn't dim his enjoyment of all sex along the way, from the two young Indians at home, to the straight Texas stud who gave him his first motel room night, to scruffy but exciting Roland, who befriended Cam in an Arizona jail, to dreamy Jeremy whom he fucked in an empty San Francisco lot . . . .

F.W. Love's *LOCKER ROOM BUDDIES*, $2.95 (Greenleaf, P.O. Box 20194, San Diego, CA 92120 —we listed a wrong address in our last issue) is a fun sort of Junior High School Walter Mitty. Its near the end of summer and Peter Harrison is hot to make the Junior Varsity Football team — every guy on it Unfortunately, he's so engrossed in his funny locker room fantasises of what he wants to do with the other jocks, he almost misses his chance to do it in the flesh. Lots of meaty and juicy variations.

Curt MacLean's *BIG RIG STUD*, $2.95 (Greenleaf), is one of the juiciest fuck yarns I've read in awhile. It takes horney, Gulf-loving, 18-year-old Peter Traynor, who'd barely learned to jerk himself off, to special offshore duty in the Gulf of Mexico. His assignment—well, let him tell it:

"I am a professional roughneck on an off-shore drilling rig. My primary responsibility is to service men's cocks. That's right. Encase them inside my body. Either end. My second responsibility is to help reach a pocket of oil underneath the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico.

"It's astounding to me how quickly I learned to take care of guys' pricks. It's incredible to me how much my body can take. I offer up two holes at any time, day or night, and they are used. I am a male whore to two shifts of oilmen, all of us serving two consecutive weeks on an offshore rig, then two weeks off . . . So the guys get horny and are too uptight to have sex with each other. It keeps me humping...."

Who worked out the deal originally isn't sure, but the super at least knows the morale is low when men are too horny. So the newest man is chosen as Prick Tease. The last two PT's quit, one because he didn't want to be fucked, the other because one of he roughnecks was too fucking big! Peter isn't happy when he learns what his duty is, but he's 64 miles off the Galveston coast and his next shore leave is two weeks away. His "education" comes in easy stages, still his ass is sore for most of the first work period. But at the end of his first two weeks off he is ready for the chopper ride back out into the Gulf. And then things start gettin really heavy.

A lot of ingenuity, good humor, strong tension and terrific butch sex all the way, with cock ramming continually in and out of Peter's often bruised extremities . . . . Surprise ending

Paul Gronowski has written several good stories. *MASTERS OF MEN*, $2.25 (Blueboy Library, 9467 Mission Park Place, Santee, CA 92071) is not one of them. The idea is good: a gay historical novel about Rienzi di Cola, the young tribune of the Plebs who led a revolution in Rome during the papal captivity in Avignon. The plot is excessively Wagnerian, which without the music is no compliment. Takes too long filling the historical background and does so with mountainous innacuracy — some lead characters died ten or more years before Rienzi was born. Only three brief sex scenes, dominated by slavering spittle. The real Rienzi died several years after the death described so operatically here . . . ."

Len Thomas's *SUCK IT SLAVE*, $2.25 (Suree Limited, 9467 Mission Park Place, Santee, CA 92071) is a lusty yarn about Peter's progress from farmboy enjoying his first three-way down by the waterhole to a few days of busy hustling in Times Square (two passionate interludes in transit: with Gary, an exciting motorcyclist he'd sure like to come home to; with Dude, a wild Black hustler) and several months as the piss-slave of Bret, a masculine millionaire who keeps our Peter happily strapped to a leather rack. But when Bret auctions off several hours to four other men . . . . Heavy.

— Jim Kepner

DEREK and his art

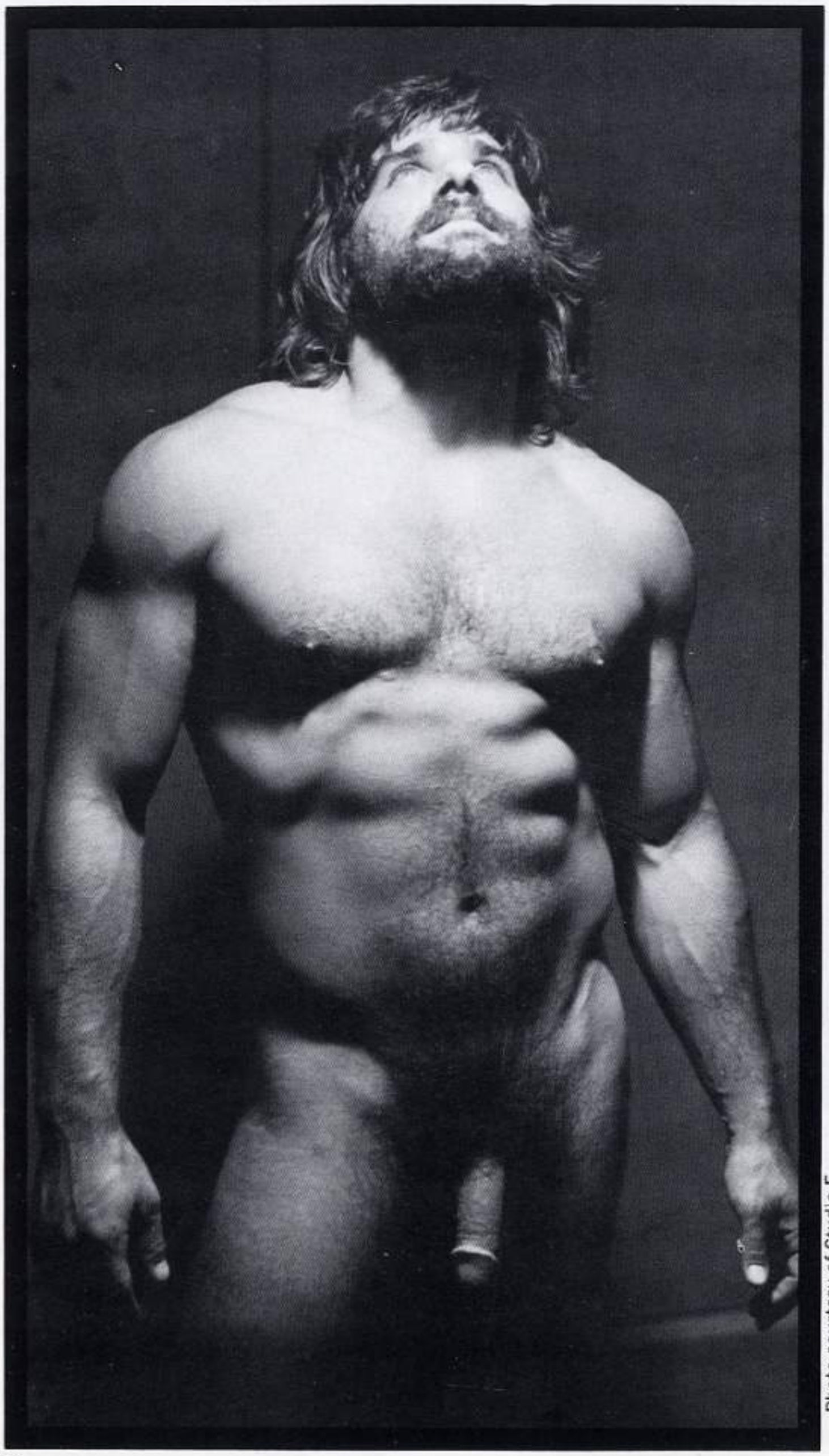
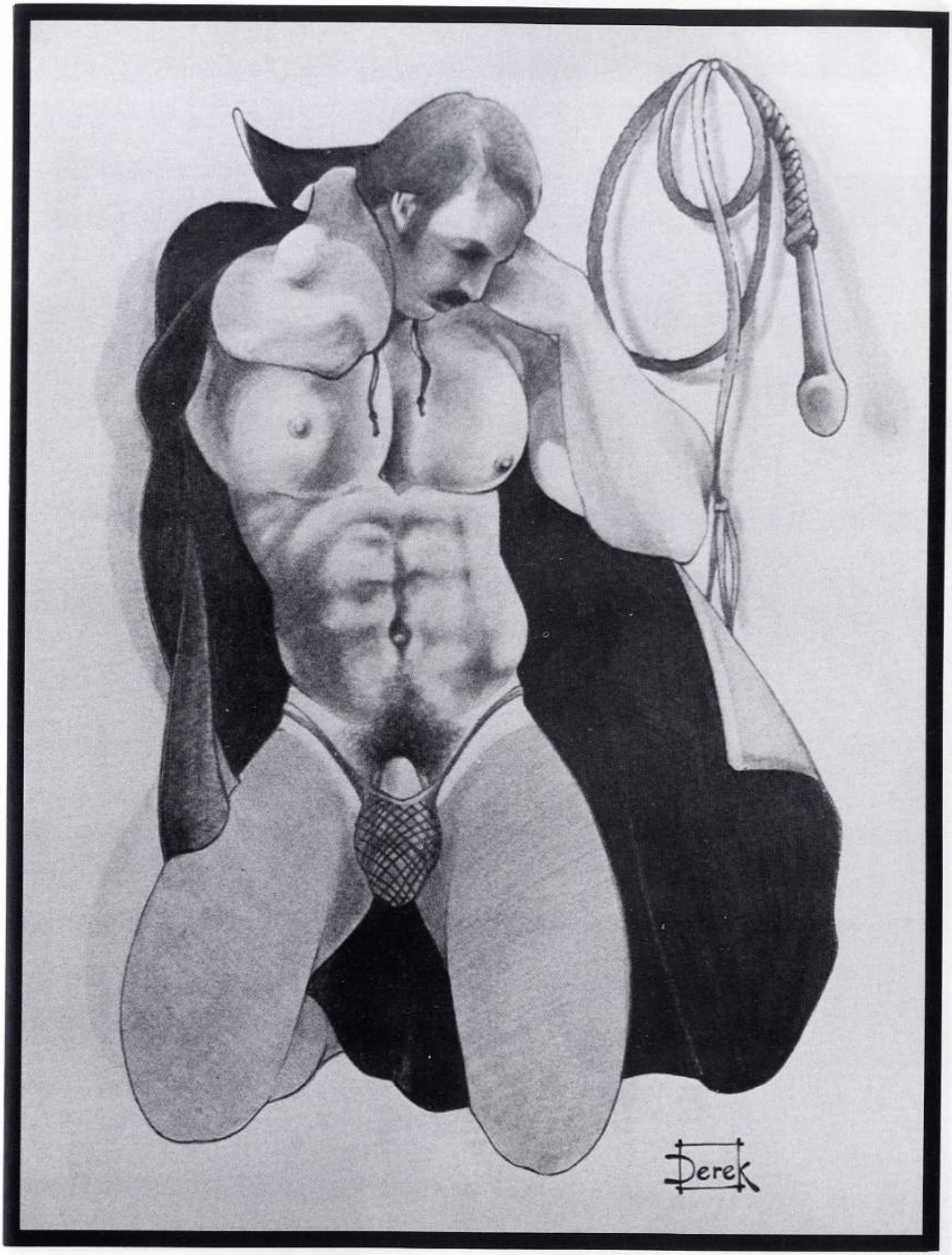
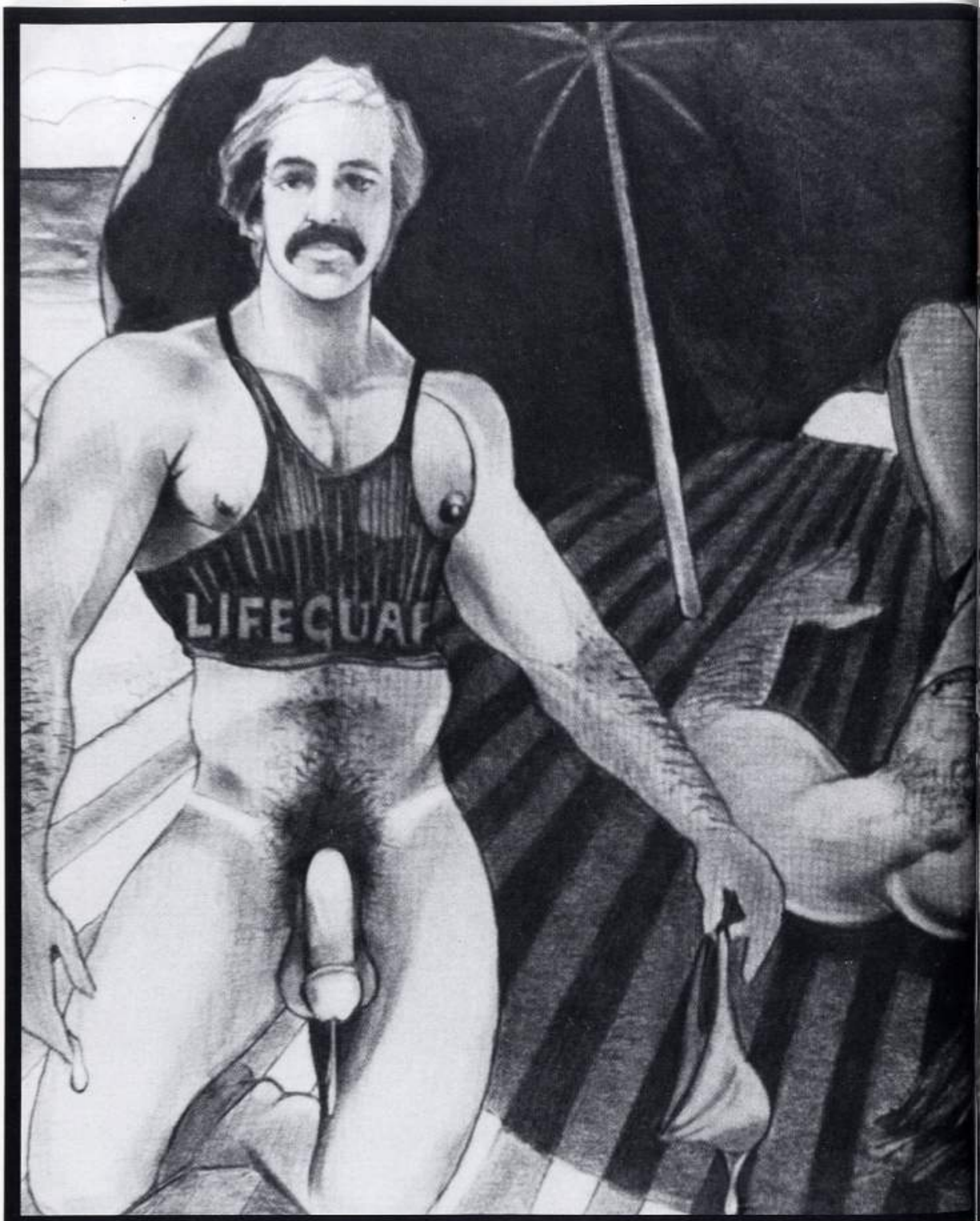


Photo courtesy of Studio E

Derek—all 6 feet, 200 pounds of him—is 28 years old, was born in New York, and attended art school in the State University system there. A man of many obvious talents, Derek has done graphic artwork for several Eastern companies in addition to teaching and creating stained glass works. He keeps in shape by working out with weights and jogging four or five times a week.

Erotic art is presently only a hobby with Derek, but a demand for his work may well lead him into still another professional arena.


Derek


LIFEGUAR

(continued from page 11)

seemed to like me. I'd only want a guy his size for a friend. He smiled and reached out and began soaping my back. His palms were calloused and strong and felt good, as he loosened the muscles in my shoulders and down my back. He seemed to know what he was doing, and before I knew it he was massaging my buns as well. "They're pretty stiff from all that running," he said. I had to agree.

The cool water and his warm hands felt good. He worked me over with those strong fingers until it hurt. He worked me around and began on my chest, grabbing my pecs with his palms and squeezing and massaging them. He worked his soapy fingers up into my armpits and down along my ribs. The spray from the flicking water got the grey cat wet.

He grabbed my buttocks with his palms and fingers and squeezed them and brought me close to his body where our cocks met and touched. I felt very relaxed and it aroused me. His pubic hair was brushing against my thighs, and I wondered if he cared that my cock was getting warm and hard. I was afraid to look in his eyes, but he went down my body with his hands and then took my swelling cock in his mouth. I felt the water on my back and his wet tongue slurping and swallowing my cock. He rose and turned the water off. We stood there in silence, brushing our cocks against each other like tentacles reaching out for a place to cling.

I was surprised by his beard as it touched my chin, and looked up suddenly into his eyes. They were green and clear like tropical water and as calm. It was too late to say no, as he kissed me and ran his tongue along my lips and sucked on them.

He walked me out of the garden into a small stucco room with a bed. An Indian blanket was on the wall. There was a rangy cactus growing out of a washtub in the corner. He picked me off my feet and layed me on the sheets. The sensation of coolness overcame me, as it was followed by the warmth of his hard, moist body descending into my arms.

We lay there motionless, breathing each to each, and felt a breeze sweep up our bodies and leave through the open window behind us. We began to kiss intensely and mix our mouths together. Our liquids blended and ran out along our cheeks. He brought his mouth down my body like a river and checked each port along the way until it nestled in my soft hair and staff that grew straight up like a redwood. He climbed my tree with his tongue and wrapped it around the crown like a wet cloud. At the tip he swallowed and swallowed and kept repeating this action as if to say, "This plant needs nourishing."

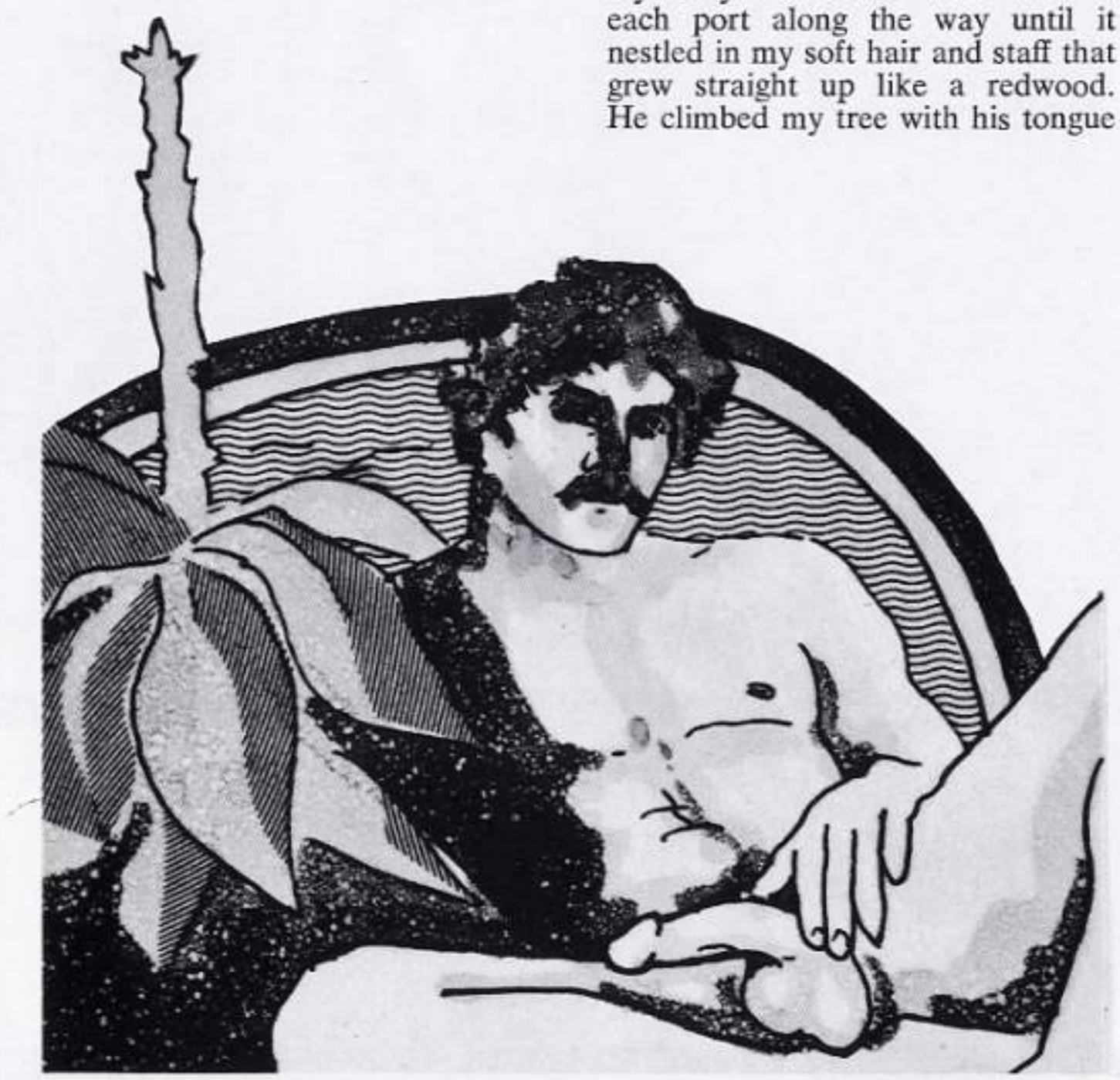
I stretched and stretched, wrinkling the white sheets, as if my legs and arms were roots, and stretching for a deeper bed to thrust. I felt my body stirring from within my balls, building up of power that with all my muscles I never knew I had. From my toes to my scalp the sensations shot quickly without let-up back and forth through me, and I could feel it going through his body as well. We rubbed our matching surfaces like mirrors.

I arched my neck as he came down my body again, mouthing and biting my flesh, and I saw the cat, stretched and watching from the window sill, as Scott lunged at my cock, swallowed it, and threw my legs up in the air. I moaned as he lapped at my balls like a dog. He rolled and rinsed them on his thick tongue like candy jawbreakers. He swept into my asshole on that river of fluid and massaged the entire area with his tongue. The cat was staring at me with bright green eyes, and I knew they were her master's eyes.

I was not in control of my senses. They were raging. Sight, sound, hearing, touch, taste, smell —all boldly confused themselves as I moaned for Scott to stop because the pleasure was too exotic. He spanked me on the ass, and I felt a thousand sensations leave my flesh, as if I were a great unneedled cactus. The softness of his beard brushed my ass, as he licked it, and then I felt his pubic beard, his staff, rubbing at my wet asshole. I grabbed his shoulders as he entered in a rush and kicked my legs as it stretched and lengthened inside me, and we became a strange hybrid plant shooting and thrusting in this secret greenhouse.

The more I moved the more he entered, and I kept hearing him say, "I will take the place of Sam. Scott will take the place of Sam," and I could not remember who Sam was, but only see Scott's red-bearded face and green eyes as he bruised my lips with his mouth.

The cat had gone or the cat had entered. I don't know which, but I could contain my ecstasy no longer. He felt me rise to scream, but his scream met mine as a jet of cum shot up my chest, and we fell muffled in the dark.



THE WILD BILL

Text and Photos by
John Michael Cox, Jr.

IH: Let's start with some of the basics—where you were born, what your childhood was like . . .

ELD: I was born in Rochester, New York, in 1945. From the ages of 9 to 12, I was in foster homes—then I went to an orphanage and stayed there 'til I was 18.

IH: What did you want to do with your life?

ELD: After high school, I went to college to be a physical education teacher, working with kids. I worked with kids for about three years, then with a recreation therapist in a state hospital for about six months, until I finally decided that I just wasn't that happy with it.

IH: How did you get involved in the "porn" industry?

ELD: It was a lot of things. People were always approaching me. 'Course, I was working out in gyms and was very athletic, and also I was dancing at the time—that was in San Francisco, up on Broadway. I was about 23, and did an adagio act with a girl. It was a love act, but not anything like they have in New York. You couldn't just get up there and act like you were screwing, or whatever—it had to be part of the act. Like I said, I was approached by a lot of people and started doing a lot of photography work. Then I was asked to so some loops, and eventually people started getting ahold of me or I'd get ahold of them, and it grew and grew until it's where it's at now.

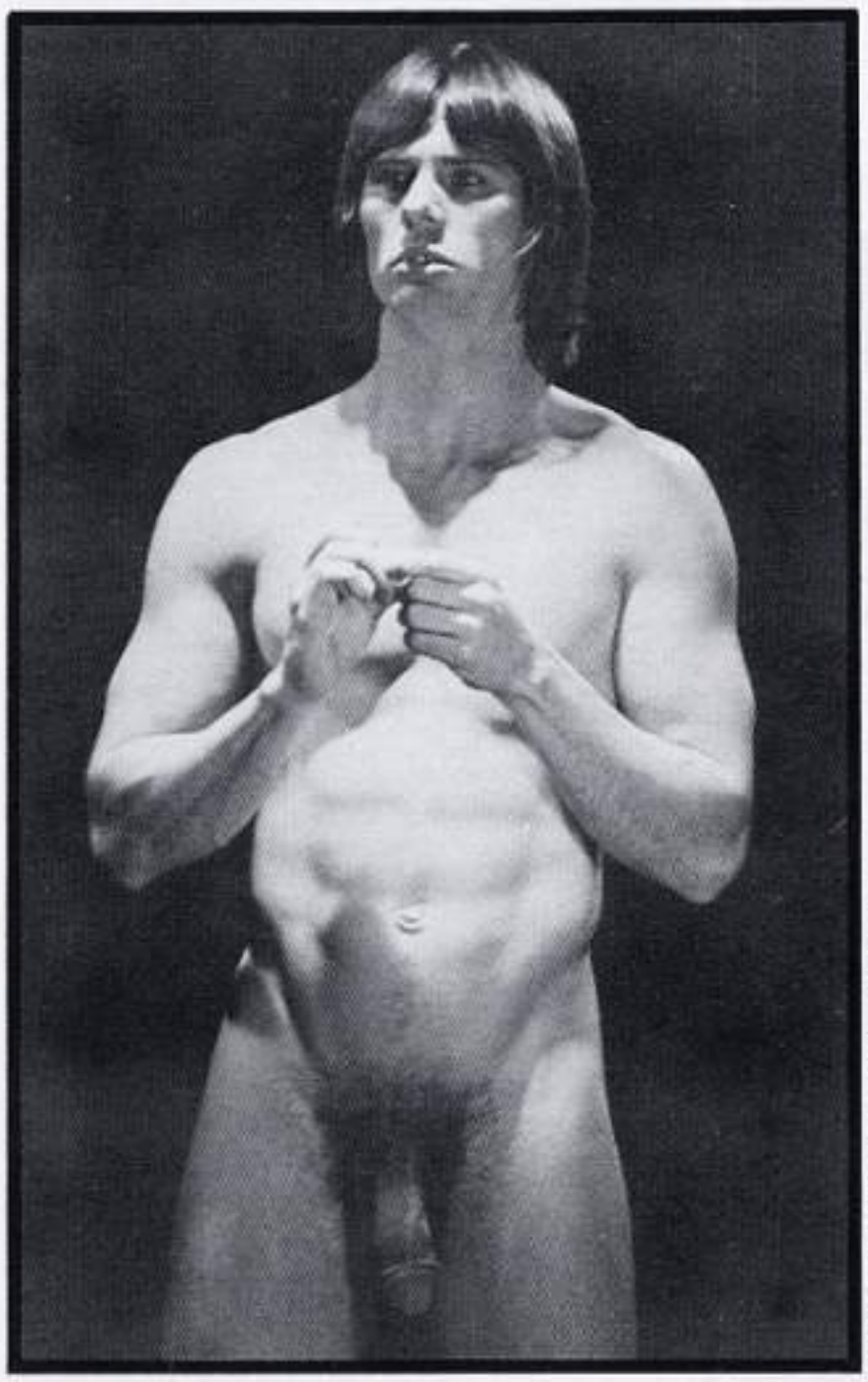


Photo courtesy of Hand in Hand Films.

IH: Were you more into the gay or straight area at first?

ELD: Oh, the gay, because at that time there was so much straight stuff on the market. The gay stuff on the market was good, but not that good:and if you had the necessary equipment, as they say, you stood out. And, of course a gay is going to be more attracted to a male's body than a straight is, anyway. You could have a beautiful body and work in straight porno pictures and nobody gives a fuck. The majority of the audience, they're not looking at the guy.

IH: A trend is going on with the newer porn stars, like Peter Berlin and Jack Wrangler, to market their own photos and control their career. Had you ever thought along those lines?

ELD: I suppose I could do it if that's all I wanted to do, but that's not all I want to do. (Jim) Cassidy was very successful—I would say he

"I'm not saying that it (hustling) isn't boring at times."

Photo by Tom Hinckley, courtesy of Hand in Hand Films.

was probably the first to really market himself. It depends on what you're geared to.

IH: Do you think the porn industry has changed?

ELD: Oh, yeah . . . everything changes, or it dies. Porn's much better. They're putting a little art, a little professionalism into it. The audience demands it, I think.

IH: Are porn actors being treated better, or worse?

ELD: I think they're being treated the same. You've still got the charlatans in the business. Until they legalize porn or make it illegal—one of the two—you can't keep it on the line. One day it's legal, the next day it isn't—that's why it's where it's at, and that's way it's in the hands of the people it's in.

IH: You came back to New York not too long ago after living in California. How do the working opportunities compare?

ELD: There's more work out there, but better jobs here. Because, number one, you've got more people out there—I mean more people they're looking for. You could take seven-eighths of the United States and move them all to California and there wouldn't be that much of a social change. But you move them to New York and it's a different world. To be successful—or just to live—in this city, it's three times harder. The pace is much faster. But I find it easier to live in New York. I like doing things late at night. I can do it here, whereas in L.A. you're tied down to an automobile—you can't do anything without a car, and that gets to be a bore. That's what the lifestyle is out there. They want to live it, fine—I don't, so I don't live there.

IH: In his new book, Marc Stevens paints a very depressing picture of hustling. You've been involved in that scene—what's it like?

ELD: I don't think there's any job that isn't, at points, depressing—but I think's it's ridiculous to say that the whole thing is depressing. I'm not saying it isn't boring at

times. You meet all kinds, but you meet good people, too. It's not always only a sex thing. I know many people it started out as a financial thing with, but now it's social and we're friends.

IH: Can you make a good living at hustling?

ELD: Oh, sure — there are thousands of people who do it. I've done it to make money at times when I've needed money, but I've never done it to make $10,000 or $50,000. Many hustlers I know, that's the only reason they did it—for the cash.

IH: Have you ever been hard up enough for cash that you went to bed with someone you thought was really repulsive?

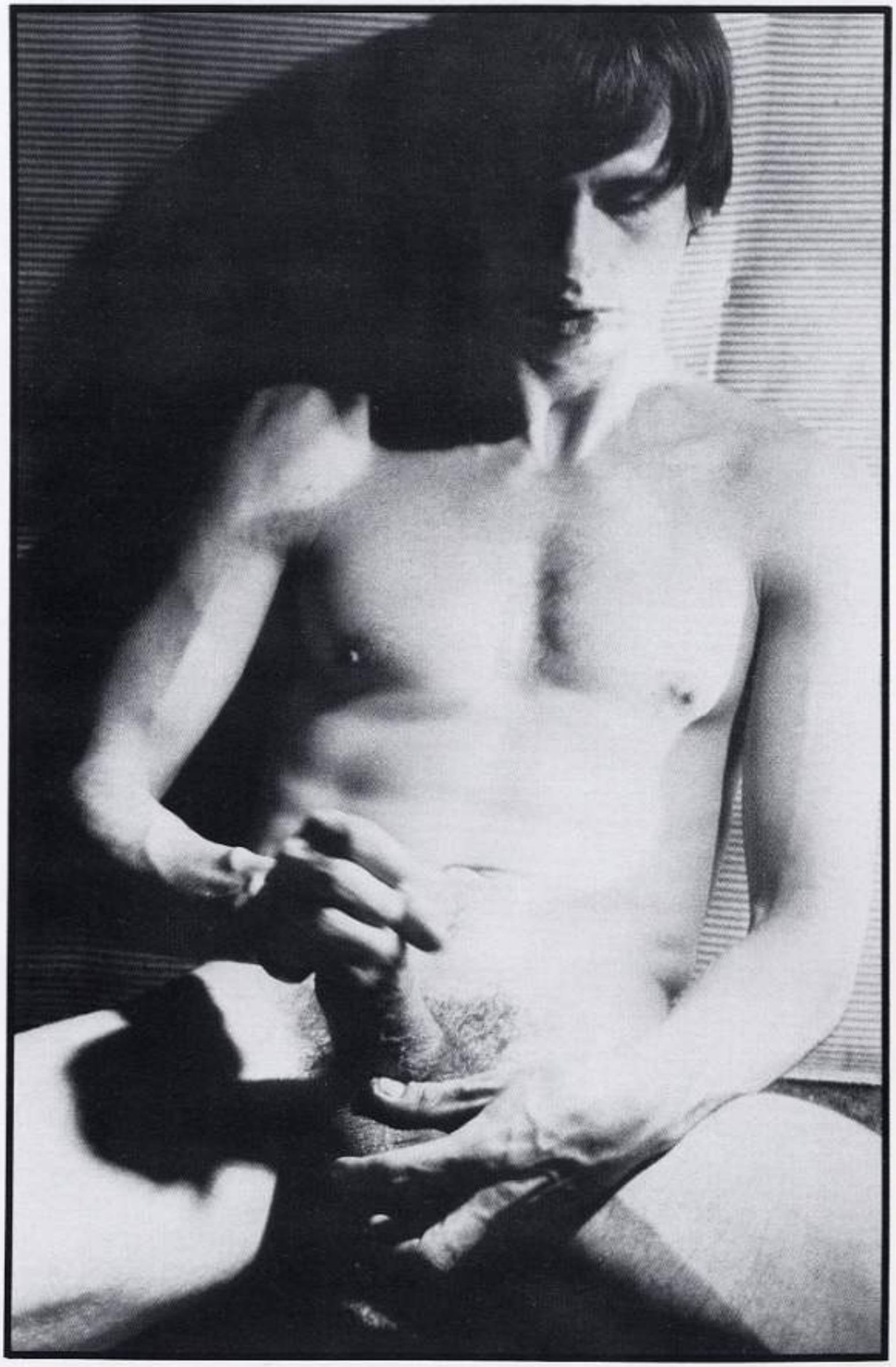
ELD: I really don't think so. I've been to bed with people who are physically ugly, but in other ways they are beautiful people.

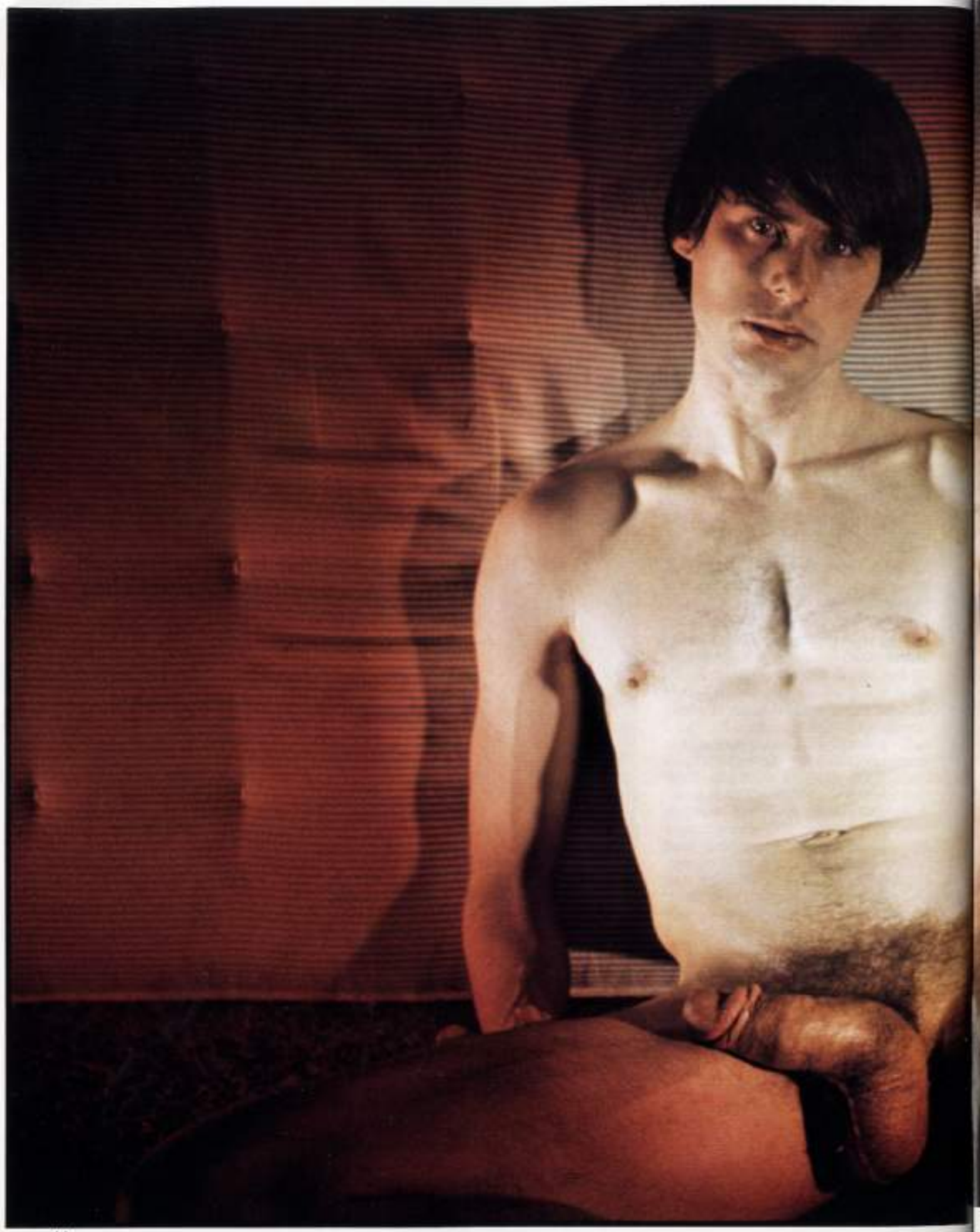
IH: In your photos, you often come across looking surly. Are you?

ELD: I find this—a lot of people approach me and they're very shy, because when I photograph, I come across very mystic, and I have . . . well, a look. It's enticing, but it's stand-offish — you know: "Don't touch." I'm not that way, but that's the way I photograph. That's what sells, and fortunately I've worked with people like Jim French and Lou Thomas who knew that and caught it, and it's some of the most beautiful work I've ever done. It was enticing, and sexy, and come on-ish, but very "Don't step on me or I'll hit you over the head." And people like that.

IH: Do you consider yourself a gay-libber?

ELD: I think too many people are still in the fucking closet, mentally. Until gays stand up to the bigots, they're going to get all that shit poured on them, and it's their own fault. You're always going to get that hate aspect: everybody who's gay is a child molester; anybody who's ever gone to bed with a guy is a pervert—you're going to get that. But if gays don't stand up for





themselves, what are you going to do? They don't stand up and say: "This is a bunch of bullshit—we don't need people like this and why do we have to listen to this crap?" If you took gays away from the theatre, there wouldn't *be* any fuckin' theatre—there wouldn't be any TV industry, either. And I'm saying that because I *know*. But as long as they don't stand up, when they're still worried because they're out in the public eye and are petrified that someone will find out they're gay . . . That's ridiculous. They've got to get to the point where they say: "Fuck it! We ain't gonna move back no more. We've been movin' back and movin' back . . . fuck it! This is bullshit!" You've got a bunch of people running around who aren't organized. The people who most discriminate against gay people are gay people. As long as you have that, you can't have anything. You're going to have people like Bryant walking around saying they're talking for God. I think God would throw up if He came down here and looked at these people. But as long as gays have a little fence around themselves as individuals and *they're* safe, they don't give a fuck!

Stand-in COCK

by Jeremy Hughes

MY LIFE AS A

My cock isn't that big—only 9½ to 10 inches—but it's heavy-headed, uncircumcised, with a throbbing blue vein, and has often been referred to as one of the prettiest cocks around. And, since I never believe a compliment until the second load, I figure it's usually true." The speaker is Rufus Michaels, and he is explaining why he (or, more accurately, his cock) is the unsung hero of *Destroying Angel*, one of the better gay porn films of the year.

"The movie is basically the story about a kid who has a sexual hangup about his cock being little, so he develops an alter ego—his angel—which is *me*, 'cause I got a big one," Ruf continues in a deceptively matter-of-fact tone. "But I only appear in silhouette or in shadows, so if you ran into me walking down the boulevard with my clothes on, you wouldn't recognize me. Although, in these jeans, it's fairly obvious that I'm not inendowed" (sic—Ruf enjoys creating his own vocabularly).

Niggling in the dark recesses of your interviewer's mind is the suspicion that you are probably being put on and that the application of a proverbial grain of salt is imperative. Nevertheless, you staunchly pursue the subject, wanting to learn more about this film, which was shot on a variety of New York and New Jersey locations "a couple of years ago" (Ruf is maddeningly inexact about dates). You have heard, for example, that he plays several roles, and you ask if this is true. "Well," he allows, "they found out that I not only had a nice-looking cock, but that I could talk, and I ended up playing five different parts—I play the sailor, the angel, the cock that pisses—they have a water sports scene in it . . . ."

What you're really curious about, however, is just how he happened to land the role of a Fantasy Cock in the first place.

"A friend of mine had been tryin' to talk me into doing a porno flick, and I always figured it was a little too obvious for my score—I mean, there's very little entertainment. It's all cock and balls. But this guy named Dennis—quite well known, nice rosy cheeks, all four of 'em—was beginnin' to work on a film, and they were having a slight casting problem, because the story was about a person with a small cock who has fantasies of having a big cock, and they couldn't find anyone to cast for *that* part. And Dennis was connected with Jack Deveau, so I was asked to audition and then compared with the lead—who really did have a small cock."

How many people were present at this "audition"?

"Peter de Rome, Peter Berlin, Jack Deveau and his lover. They took a good look, and then told me to put my clothes on and come back the next day to compare myself with the lead, in terms of height and coloring and so forth. I was relaxed, because I knew Hand in Hand Films. I knew they had a good reputation. And," he volunteers, "I had the hots for Jack for a couple of years. I have very low resistance to people with nice smiles."

Perhaps he will supply a bit of personal sex history to help explain what drives produce a Rufus Michaels? He pauses before answering, the wheels turning, and you grasp mentally for the salt shaker.

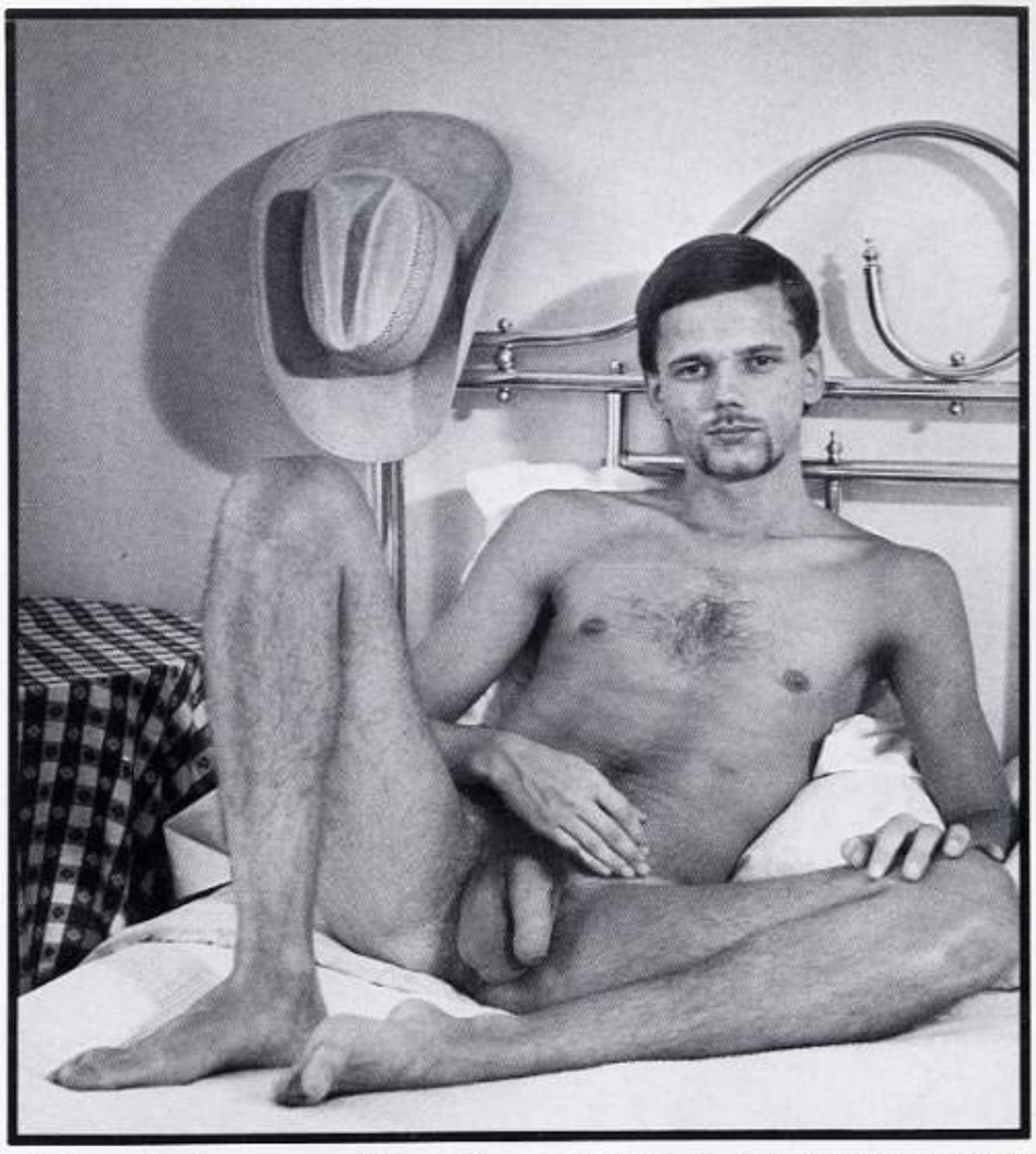
"Uh, I had been seduced at the age of 11 by a woman. She was 22, and I had a well-to-do father and a big cock. I was probably one of the only 12-year-old fathers around the block. When I was about 16, I was walking down a street in Montreal with my *girl*friend, and I saw this restaurant with big plate glass windows, and there were only men in it. So I went back there alone later, and I had no sooner sat down than a mad, screaming queen—in the *true* sense of that word, because the only people in the world who can have three shades of color their hair at the same time French Canadians—came up to and said: 'bitch or butch?'

"I said: 'I beg your pardon?' a he said 'bitch or butch?' Now that time I hadn't even fucked w anyone!" You mercifully overlo reminding him about his earl reference to being a 12-year-o father. "It was around six mon later that I had my first homosexu experience.

"The first man I ever had with didn't believe me when I te him it was my first time! And the second time, I was still so cle that when the guy began sucki on my nipples, I looked at him a said 'no, there no milk there.' Son how, he got turned off. But I like the no promises and no con tions of the homosexual world."

You ask for some non-sexu background and find that Willi Rufus Peter Joseph Michael A thony Evan was born, in a c around 5:30 p.m. on September 1950, "someplace between Plat burgh and someplace else in upst New York, on Route 2, head north. My parents were trying to me born as a Canadian so tha wouldn't have to go through draft issue.

"All my early schooling was



can have three shades of color on their hair at the same time are French Canadians—came up to me and said: 'bitch or butch?'

"I said: 'I beg your pardon?' and he said 'bitch or butch?' Now at that time I hadn't even fucked with anyone!" You mercifully overlook reminding him about his earlier reference to being a 12-year-old father. "It was around six months later that I had my first homosexual experience.

"The first man I ever had sex with didn't believe me when I told him it was my first time! And by the second time, I was still so clean that when the guy began sucking on my nipples, I looked at him and said 'no, there no milk there.' Somehow, he got turned off. But I did like the no promises and no conditions of the homosexual world."

You ask for some non-sexual background and find that William Rufus Peter Joseph Michael Anthony Evan was born, in a car, around 5:30 p.m. on September 29, 1950, "someplace between Plattsburgh and someplace else in upstate New York, on Route 2, headed north. My parents were trying to get me born as a Canadian so that I wouldn't have to go through the draft issue.

"All my early schooling was in private schools — parochial, religious, Catholic. I was interested in languages and I figured the best place to get a degree in languages was at the University of Montreal."

The need for money led him, at 17, into go-go dancing, lame´ bikini-clad, in one of Montreal's gay bars. But, "being an idea person—not much else, but a lot of ideas," he assembled a group of six or seven other gay dancers and produced a show in the Tunisia Room of the Anjou Dinner Theatre. This led to a job teaching dance at the Lindberg School which, in turn, led to a European tour ("probably in '69") where he was offered a scholarship to study with Bejart in Brussels.

"When I was offered that scholarship, having to choose between it and another offer to do graduate work in Medieval History at N.Y.U., I asked myself: 'what does a dancer do when he's 35?' and so I took the History. I have three M.A.'s and three Ph.D.s, two years each." Salt, anyone?

Rufus Michaels' current sex life, he would have you believe, is, at the very least, provocative. He flaunts an earring in his pierced *right* lobe, and methodically arranges his keys to hang on the *right* side, in addition to a bandana-type handerchief flopping out of his *right* rear jeans pocket. Is this meant to communicate the obvious S/M message. "No," says Ruf; "it's meaningless! This whole rigamarole about right and left is all B.S."

Your final queries regard the matter of "getting it up" on command for the movie camera. Does Rufus Michaels have any secrets to share on this line?

"Relax and enjoy it," he says. "Sometimes, when I'm gonna fuck someone, they'll put too much pressure on me, and if you've got pressures, you can't work with it. In high school, I used to be known as a 'shoulder shooter" because that's usually where I shot to. So, for the movie, I got myself back on a milk diet, and had oysters whenever possible, and avocados and kiwi fruits. If you're on high protein and not eating garbage that'll diffuse it, and you're sleeping regularly, there should be no problem.

"I'm kind'a randy most of the time, and I've usually got a semi hard-on. Drugs do a lot to fuck up your mind and body—tobacco and alcohol, especially. To get over my nerves in the film, I usually thought of hot friends. You know, I should probably pay all my hot friends a commission!"

Or vice versa.

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